

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844

NO. 3953

APRIL 10, 1920

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

WE Americans are accustomed to assume without reflection that our own people enjoy greater freedom in every respect than those of an Old World monarchy. That is not true. To put it better, perhaps, we exercise our freedom in a different way. Majorities, or what purport to be majorities, rule in this country with less consideration for minorities than they do in many parts of Europe. Moreover, during the present crisis the civilization of the older continent has been liberalized — or perhaps radicalized — beyond our present comprehension. Throughout the war — unless it be for a few weeks immediately following the great military disaster of Caporetto, Socialists and Pacifists were permitted far more freedom of speech in Italy than they enjoyed in the United States. Active and public anti-war propaganda was allowed in that country. Indeed, even Germany and Austria granted their people greater liberty of expression than we did in America. This was particularly true of what we call academic freedom. Nevertheless, Europeans are accustomed to regard the United States as the land of unqualified liberty, not realizing that free peoples are often the most intolerant of their own dissenters.

There is another difference in respect to freedom of speech in Europe and in America. Europe's protesting elements are of the same tongue and blood, and have the same political and social inheritance, as the remainder of their countrymen. They are members of the same family. In the United States political and social dissent is popularly regarded as imported and anti-American, and instinctive national prejudice is therefore aroused against it. This phase of our sentiment is usually overlooked by Europeans, who draw parallels between their own country and the United States to our great disadvantage.

Recently, therefore, many European journals, regardless of party or country, have commented with bewilderment and disapproval upon the restrictions placed upon free speech and a free press in America. The article we print from one of the leading liberal papers of Italy is merely illustrative of what might be repeated from many other sources.

OUR people have not heard the whole story, or even the significant features of the story, that lies behind the growing unrest and disorder in Western Asia. At least one important

report by our own representatives upon the situation there rests unpublished in the archives of the State Department. Whether or not the article which we print this week, signed by an Arabian member of the French Parliament, is characterized by objective accuracy in every detail, it presents beyond reasonable doubt a fair picture of the attitude of the Islam nations toward the Entente policies which directly affect them.

Of course, it does not follow that because the people of Northern Africa and Asia Minor resent the political control now being exercised over them by European governments, the latter would be justified at the present moment in withdrawing that control. Kurdish raids, Arab tribe wars, and general anarchy might ensue. But it is essential in a situation as critical as the one we are facing to-day, that such control should be exercised humanely and in accordance with a candid and well-determined policy. For instance, if, as is reported, the Greek occupation of Smyrna was accompanied by outrages upon the natives quite as barbarous as any charged against the Turks in Armenia and the Germans in Belgium, the Allied Powers should clear their skirts of the responsibility for such incidents by effective protest. And if the Arabians of Syria are in revolt against French occupation, the diplomatic and military antecedents of that situation should be known to the public of America and the Entente countries. A policy of concealment is *prima facie* evidence of hidden things that will not bear publicity.

WE are trying to show our readers from time to time how we are pictured to the people of Europe in their own press, although the image of ourselves that we thus receive is not always flattering, and oftentimes is obviously

distorted. Never before, unless during the infancy of our government or in the critical days of the Civil War, have our national fortunes and destinies promised to be so much affected by what Europe thinks of us as at present. We do not expect an unbiased description of President Wilson or of American ideals from our recent enemies. Such an account as we publish this week, by a German imperialist, naturally centres attention upon those policies of our government which conflicted most directly with the ambitions of the former German monarchy — namely, those which cluster around the Monroe Doctrine. During the war an inspired article was printed in Germany, indicating that in case of victory the Kaiser's Government intended to impose three main conditions of peace upon the United States: formal renunciation of the Monroe Doctrine; a guaranty of unrestricted admission to European immigrants; and an engagement not to increase our custom duties upon European manufactures above a stipulated maximum.

On the other hand, German Liberal criticisms of the President are mainly devoted to what he accomplished, or failed to accomplish, at Paris and Versailles. It may surprise many of our readers to learn that the attitude of the press of the Central Powers toward President Wilson personally, and toward the United States, is less critical and bitter than the attitude of our former allies and of some neutrals.

Even the conservative, and usually restrained, *Mercure de France*, publishes in its last issue a description of the President as 'the tyrant of Washington, that mystical Attila, under the wooden hoofs of whose prancing hobby-horse the grass will never grow again,' and characterizes him as *le malfaiteur du genre humain*, using the term in its etymological sense.

EACH one of the crises occurring in rapid succession abroad, strengthens the radical wing of the Socialist party. We see evidence of this in the reported negotiations for settling the present disturbances in Germany. At the present time, Socialism is broadly divided into two schools — Conservative Socialists, who believe in coöperating with bourgeois parties in Parliament, and who align themselves with the defenders of democracy; and Radical Socialists, who repudiate any coöperation whatsoever with bourgeois parties, who look with disfavor or qualified tolerance upon the participation of Socialists in elections, and who advocate a dictatorship of the proletariat — even of a proletarian minority. The Majority Socialists have hitherto been in power in Germany and in German Austria. Indeed, only by allying themselves with the bourgeois parties were they able to preserve a republic. In either of these countries — as in Hungary to-day — the entire exclusion of Socialists from the administration would probably result in a movement to restore a monarchy. The Conservative Socialists are also coöperating with the bourgeois parties in Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, and Czecho-Slovakia.

In France, the Conservative Socialists have been reduced to a negligible minority, and the two Radical groups of that party completely control its organization. They repudiate ministerial coöperation with the bourgeoisie, although they participate in elections and have representatives in Parliament. The situation in Italy is much the same, except that there the Conservative Socialists have not lost prestige to the same extent as in France. Nevertheless, the party in that country is dominated by the Radical wing, which opposes coöperation with the Middle Classes under

any form and with any concessions from the latter. So we see a new political issue arising. This is not a social issue. A question of the mechanics of government — of pure tactics, and not of theory — is dividing the Socialists into a group supporting parliamentary institutions and a group rejecting democratic government under the forms to which we are accustomed.

Undoubtedly, the Radical element increases its following with every incident in European or American political life, that discredits parliamentary or congressional institutions. Indeed, if these attacks increase in force, the survival of those institutions in their present form may depend upon the efficiency and promptness with which parliaments and congresses deal with the great questions arising out of the war.

THE money market in several countries has demonstrated the fact that extreme currency inflation may be accompanied by a scarcity of currency. This has been conspicuously the case in Japan, where the addition to the circulating medium has been three times as great — relatively to the pre-war amount — as in the United States. *Neue Freie Presse* discusses a similar condition in Austria. The Austro-Hungarian bank now has more than fifty-four billion crowns in circulation, and present Austria with its six million inhabitants has thirteen billion, while before the war the entire monarchy, with fifty-four million people, managed to do fairly well with less than two and a half billion crowns. Nevertheless, high prices and wages make it necessary to employ a greater quantity of this depreciated money than before. The constant rise of prices also encourages speculation which makes an additional draft on the

money supply. Great quantities of the almost worthless paper bills are hoarded by peasants, who receive them in return for provisions, and who cling to the illusion that they will sometime recover their former purchasing power. Moreover, part of the apparent stringency is in reality due to the impaired credit of borrowers; for during a period when fixed measures of value cease to exist, on account of the absence of a reliable monetary standard, no man trusts the solvency of his neighbor.

DURING the war Germany's machinery exports declined from about six hundred thousand tons to ninety-five thousand tons per annum. Since the armistice these exports have again increased rapidly and now amount to between ten thousand and fifteen thousand tons a week. Reckoned in current values, they have increased tenfold in value since before the war. Hitherto this trade has been hampered by the fear of exporters lest their property might be confiscated by the Entente, through its becoming identified with the assets of German firms whose business was closed out by enemy governments during the war. With the signing of the Peace Treaty this check upon exports has disappeared. Indeed, Germany recently underbid English ironmasters and secured a contract to supply rails for the Belgian state railways.

HANS VORST continues to satirize the proposed resumption of trade with Russia. Referring to the negotiations which the Soviet Government has started with Berlin, he says: "These Bolshevik representatives with their 'raw materials' remind one of Gogol's hero, Chichikof, with his traffic in 'dead souls.' Their government is perfectly aware that it has no raw materials to deliver. All it is trying to do

is to get the Entente and Germany bidding against each other for economic privileges and thus commit them to a favorable attitude toward Soviet Russia. The only purpose that Russian rulers have is political, not economic.'

Meantime, during the National Convention of the Communist party at Durlach, a number of Russian couriers were detected with propaganda material from Moscow. These men got access to Germany, partly by aeroplane through Upper Silesia, and partly *via* Copenhagen. Several business houses are said to have been established in the latter city for the express purpose of disseminating Bolshevik propaganda through ostensibly commercial channels. What purport to be business telegrams are really cipher dispatches relating to this agitation. According to these reports, such houses also serve as distributing centres for skillful counterfeits of English and French banknotes. Agents of the Soviet Government have been arrested in some of the fashionable hotels of Berlin. Among the propaganda material thus discovered are accounts of an army of six hundred thousand Red soldiers ready to inaugurate a great offensive for the purpose of nullifying the Treaty of Versailles and 'liberating the German nation from the fetters' which that treaty placed upon it.

IN its issue of January 15, *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn*, the official economic organ of the Soviet Government, reports the proceedings of a convention of delegates of the Coöperative Societies held for the purpose of discussing the regulation of trade under the new agreement with the Entente governments, at which members from Omsk and Novorossisk also were present. These delegates represented more than fifty thousand societies with twenty-six million mem-

bers. The meeting was entirely of a non-political character. It is planned to place the trade in the hands of a special commerce commission, to contain two representatives of the Central Coöperative organizations of Moscow, Omsk, and Novorossisk, presided over by a People's Commissioner for all Russia. Only an approximate idea could be formed of the quantity of raw materials available for export. Although very little had been shipped out of the country for five years, production has declined very seriously, and great quantities of grain in warehouses have been ruined or stolen for lack of means to transport it to other places. It is questionable whether the grain alleged to be hoarded by the peasants will be fit for export, because it has been concealed for the most part in dugouts. Around Perm four crops are said to be awaiting shipment, but that is an exceptional situation. Representatives from South Russia insisted that there was enough grain in the three Black Sea departments to supply the Entente markets.

Siberia has grain to export and also cattle. It was obvious throughout the session that the representatives of the Coöperatives distrusted the Soviet Government. They expressed their willingness to take up the matter of foreign trade only subject to the condition that their activity should not be limited or interrupted by government decrees. They want the immediate suspension of measures looking toward the nationalization of commerce, and guaranties that goods in transit shall not be confiscated. A proposal was made to put the whole business under the protection of the Red Cross.

ACCORDING to *Neue Freie Presse*, Trieste has lost much of its former commerce since being annexed to Italy. Several shipping companies

that formerly patronized that port now make their headquarters in Venice, and Italy is accused of favoring the latter city at the expense of its new acquisition. Timber, grain, and other agricultural produce from the Slavic hinterland of Trieste and Fiume, have accumulated in the warehouses because they cannot be shipped. Among the difficulties facing the old Austro-Hungarian ports is a chaotic currency situation, since no arrangement has been made for redeeming the old imperial banknotes. According to this Austrian authority, the exuberant affection for Italy manifested immediately after the armistice has vanished.

FOR some weeks before the recent Junker revolt in Berlin, the Liberal and Radical press of Germany was much exercised over the attitude of the Baltic troops, and reports concerning their conduct and the rate at which they had been demobilized are very conflicting. It was planned to discharge the last of them from regular service by March 15, and about eight thousand were still under arms at the time the revolt occurred. Other reports place the number at thirteen thousand.

WE have all become familiar with the fact that the scarcity of food and merchandise in Europe, combined with the efforts of the government to regulate retail trading, have fostered a new kind of 'smuggling.' According to a Berlin paper in certain districts of Berlin unlawful traffic has become specialized. For instance, there is a particular quarter for trading in bread cards, where dealers carry their wares around in their hat bands, the way speculators formerly carried lottery and theatre tickets. There are also districts where valuable textiles and leather goods are disposed of. Else-

where one finds traffickers in gold and silver articles. This underhand trading finds a home in the public streets, or in beer halls, wine shops, and eating houses. The customary mode of procedure is for the prospective purchaser to walk along until he meets some young man in military uniform on guard. He is a youth who never saw active service. Each surveys the other sharply, and if satisfied with the result of this examination the purchaser asks: 'What have you got to sell?' The reply invariably is: 'What do you want to buy?' After a series of such mutual inquiries, negotiations are continued in the greater privacy of a restaurant or saloon. Naturally this illicit trade affords a market for stolen goods, and indirectly encourages theft and robbery.

Current German and Austrian papers contain numerous advertisements by traders offering to buy oriental and domestic rugs and carpets, presumably for shipping out of the country. America may experience a considerable influx of such goods.

ACCORDING to an imperial census of Austria, taken on January 31 of this year, Vienna is reported to have one million eight hundred and thirty-eight thousand inhabitants. On December 31, 1910, the population of the city was given officially as two million thirty-one thousand. However, the latter figures were generally recognized to be too low, and the number of inhabitants increased rapidly between that date and the first years of the war.

THE *Volksstem*, a Boer paper published in Pretoria, reputed to be the organ of General Smuts, prints without comment the following communication from a correspondent in German East Africa:

We are completely in the dark as to what will become of the colony. Every day the negroes grow more rebellious and overbearing. If you have a complaint against one you get no hearing in court, but if one of them has a grievance against you, you are speedily summoned before a judge and fined heavily under the Indian Penal Code. Our poor Boers are treated with contempt and have to knuckle down to the English everywhere. The unfortunate minority of our people, who sided with the Germans and were made prisoners during the war, have not yet been released, although it is more than a year since the armistice was signed. Their families are destitute and often in extreme distress. . . . We are not Bolsheviks, but if conditions continue to get worse any radical propagandist will find a wide following in this section. Let me assure you that the fine reports being published about the way the negroes welcome the present situation are pure moonshine. I am personally acquainted with several of the chiefs, and if an honest investigation were held, you would find precisely the reverse to be true.

THE *Deutsche Zeitung*, an ultra Conservative Daily, has become an enthusiastic supporter of coöperation between Germany and Soviet Russia. It concludes an article on this subject with what is, considering the proposal under all its aspects, a most remarkable paragraph:

If we had a foreign policy we might quite possibly be able to erect a rival league to oppose the Versailles League of Nations which is trying to encircle and strangle us. It would be a Middle Europe Asiatic League. That is practical politics. If such a plan were ever justified it is today. Let us subordinate our party differences; let us cast aside sentimental trash. We need a Great Elector Policy.

DURING 1919 Europe appears to have made little progress toward restoring agricultural production. In most countries both the area under crops and the product per acre declined, not only as compared with the last years before the war, but also as compared with the period of hostilities. This is probably explained by the fact that domestic unrest and uncertainty do more to check production than war itself.

[*La Tribuna* (Liberal Daily), February 25]

AMERICANIZATION AND REACTION

BY ALFONSO ARBIB COSTA

THE two terms of my title form a combination very disagreeable to the ear in Italian, but in America they go together. Ever since the stream of immigration to the United States began to assume its present immense proportions, a vigorous effort has been under way to assimilate the new arrivals. America is often described as a gigantic melting pot where all the nations of the earth lose their distinctive tongues, temperament, and even physical appearance. This process, it is supposed, will result in the production of a new race, a composite of all the types that have been mingled to produce it, speaking one language, possessing identical political and social ideals, inspired with ardent American patriotism and having those habits of material and spiritual life that the natives complacently refer to as 'the American standard of living.'

Such a transformation is relatively easy for those who arrive in childhood with their parents, and for those who are born in the country of foreign parents. The schools are effective agencies for modeling all their pupils to a single type; by the second generation the process of fusion is well under way and in the third generation only the faintest traces of diverse inheritance remain. But those immigrants who arrive at a mature age are less plastic. They encounter the difficulty of learning a new language; they are disposed to live in separate colonies and to seek friendships and associations only among those of their own tongue.

They like to eat the same food and to wear the same style of clothing to which they were accustomed in the Old World. Consequently, these older people do not easily adjust themselves to their new surroundings or borrow the characteristics of the Americans. The process is slow, the results unsatisfactory. However, this has hitherto been tolerated in the faith that by the time the second generation came these difficulties would disappear. Consequently, the country was not much embarrassed in times of peace by the vast number of foreigners who lived in its midst.

But when the war came all this changed. In the first place, the spontaneous affection of the immigrants for their native country, the turning back of their hearts to the land they had abandoned, the instinctive impulse to draw nearer to those of their own race, their intense interest in the military success of their native land rather than of their adopted country, all received a new and vigorous impulse. Men that had gradually and insensibly come to think of themselves as Americans, suddenly discovered that they were passionate Italians, Germans, Russians, or Englishmen. At the same time, the necessity of Americanizing the immigrants suddenly became imperious and urgent. It was no longer possible to trust to time and to limit efforts to the children in the schools. It was imperative that the aliens who lived in America should be Americanized, not only provided with naturali-

zation papers, which signify little or nothing, but changed in heart and mind. They must cancel their old allegiance and commit themselves to their new allegiance, without reserve or qualifications.

During the war, and still more, since the armistice, the efforts of the nation have therefore been concentrated upon making the whole population '100 per cent American.' Lectures, night schools for studying English, the exclusion of unnaturalized citizens from public and private employment, and the personal efforts of well-intentioned proselyters have been brought to bear on this task in every community.

But most unhappily, just when it was peculiarly desirable to make immigrants love and respect their new home and remain there, a conjunction of adverse circumstances and officious blunders went far to nullify this programme of Americanization and to substitute for the slow process of assimilation occurring before the war, not more rapid progress, but real aversion to America, accompanied by a revival of affection for the country of birth. Italians were turned in this direction first by America's lack of recognition for Italy's services in the war, and later by the unfavorable attitude of the President and his colleagues toward Italy's claims at the Peace Conference. The French in the United States are filled with jealousy, because they feel that France alone won the war. The Irish are alienated by the evident partiality shown to England. The hordes of Russian Jews hate America because the press of this country reviles the Bolshevik revolution, which 90 per cent of them approve and admire. The Germans are naturally hostile because America entered the war. So, all have some immediate reason for resisting the effort to make them Americans.

Prohibition came to accentuate this antipathy. A fine country of liberty, these foreigners thought, when you cannot drink a glass of wine or a stein of beer! Who is coming here to sing the songs of liberty, when the laws imprison a man who manufactures, sells, possesses, or offers to any person, a drink of spirits? This is really a serious question, more serious than might appear at first glance. Prohibition of wines and spiritous liquors engenders in some people not only aversion but lively hatred of America. Not only that, but the law was enacted after the sort of a campaign that makes one say, 'I dislike you for the manner in which you present yourself.'

However, all these influences — the revival of patriotism for their own country, prohibition, and the other things — would have been forgotten as time went on. But there is another influence, of an infinitely more dangerous and lasting character. That is the current of reaction that is sweeping everything before it in America, and that has found expression in the deportation *en masse* of those who sympathize with communism; denying seats in the Legislature to Socialist deputies regularly elected solely because of their party; proposed laws of extreme severity limiting liberty of speech and freedom of the press; and wholesale dismissals from employment on mere suspicion of radical sympathies. Last of all, the schools are permeated with the same spirit of reaction, and to-day in many of the principal cities of the United States a graduation diploma will not be granted to a pupil who does not swear allegiance to the government of the United States — something that in itself is perfectly proper and just — and who also has not declared his repudiation and abhorrence of Bolshevik, Syndicalist, and Communist doctrine.

This situation is serious, and its consequences may seriously imperil the peace and harmony of America. Violent repression is blind. It has never succeeded in doing anything but increase the pressure of subterranean forces. How will it inspire immigrants with loyalty to a country which has boasted of being the most free and democratic in the world, but where newcomers find actually in force laws so repressive as to be worthy of the most tyrannical rulers of ancient times? To be sure, important organs of public opinion and eminent men of all political parties are opposing these repressive measures with all their power. The Bar Association of New York, headed by former Justice Charles E. Hughes, late candidate for the presidency of the United States, has decided to send to Albany, the capital of the State of New York, a committee composed of six of its members, including Mr. Hughes, to defend the six Socialist deputies to the Legislature to whom the State Assembly has denied their seats. These men carry with them a protest stating that such action is subversive of democratic ideas and is anti-American.

Every American citizen of well-balanced judgment and clear vision is asking himself with concern where this movement is going to end. Arrests and expulsions *en masse*, like those we have witnessed during the past few days in the United States, special laws proposed and passed light-heartedly by legislative assemblies — such meas-

ures as these cannot increase respect for the government in its own citizens, or love for that government in those who are not citizens. Neither will such measures check in the least Socialism and Communism. They will merely strengthen the conviction that free speech, free discussion, and the free publication of opinions — whether by citizens or aliens — are rights to be exercised only by men endorsed by the government and by powerful private interests. If rights guaranteed by the constitution to every citizen and by general consent hitherto assured to strangers within the country, are to be placed in peril merely because a few demagogues and agitators have abused those rights, it is practically certain that new and revolutionary doctrines will spring up and flourish, under the very effort to suppress them. You cannot safeguard liberty by denying liberty. Neither will it add to the prestige of America in other lands to return to their countries beyond the ocean the disillusioned and non-assimilated people who had come to its shores. In the opinion of many citizens, the only way to heal radically the discontent existing in the United States is to remove the causes for that discontent. To continue in the road of reaction will not only check an inflow of labor which the country needs, and prevent the assimilation of the foreign elements already in its midst, but will breed new perils that may threaten the very life of the nation. Those who sow the wind will reap the tempest.

[*Le Populaire* (Radical Socialist Daily), February 16]
SYRIA WANTS ITS INDEPENDENCE

BY AN ARABIAN DEPUTY

YOUR great official organ of France, *Le Temps*, constantly denies the truth of events that are occurring in Syria.

It goes without saying that, after having assured the French people a thousand times that the Syrians are seeking France, it is difficult for that journal, as for any of its imperialist clientele, to confess that the Syrians are vigorously resisting foreign occupation.

For several months such papers have been trying to prove to the people whom they have constantly deceived, that the popular protests against the French occupation were due solely to an underground English propaganda. That legend is proved false by the simple fact that English occupation is even more hated by the Arabs than that of the French, and that the resistance to the English at several places in Arabia and Mesopotamia is more obstinate than that which the French have anywhere encountered.

In England public opinion is beginning to see through the deceptions of its imperialist press, which has tried to persuade it that the Arabs would love nothing better than to have the Union Jack fly over them. Let us hope that French opinion in its turn will open its eyes. Both the French and the English should know once for all that the Arabs are joined by a common religion with the Turks, and have been politically identified with them for centuries, and therefore do not wish to separate themselves from their fellow believers and brothers in arms merely to submit to the domination of a

European nation, no matter what form the latter's suzerainty may assume.

There is a good deal of talk about Emir Faisal. That plays no part in our demand for complete independence. Not only his throne, but his very life would be in danger, were he to consent to any curtailment of Arabian independence.

Le Temps is very angry because some English newspapers in Cairo have published reports from Syria. It claims that since the French papers have refrained from telling what is happening in Egypt, the English press ought to keep silent about the situation in Syria. It assumes an air of telling the English: 'We might have made public all your disgraceful doings in Egypt, but we have not done so out of regard for our alliance. Now why do you not treat us on the same footing?' That paper gives the English to understand that opposition to the French is directed equally against the English, and it urges that the Allies must maintain a solid front in the Near East — that is, a united front for the purpose of oppressing the weak and helpless.

This is perfectly logical, if you intend to follow the policy of political bandits, but what is it from the standpoint of truly French principles? Those disturbances are not due to brigands. Of course, there may have been robberies and all that, but they have no connection with the resistance being offered by the people of Syria to foreign occupation. There have been no battles or even heavy skirmishes, but

that is because the men in charge, the real leaders, have never ceased to counsel patience until it is known what the Peace Conference decides with regard to Syria.

Nevertheless, there have been several bloody encounters. At Latakia there was a collision with the Nossairites, where some fifty French soldiers fell. At Tel-Kalek, in the vicinity of Tripoli [in Syria], when the French commander, at the order of General Gouraud, who had recently arrived, raised the French flag over the public buildings, disturbances ensued, followed by a week of fighting. The French troops lost 80 dead, not counting wounded. Some of their commanding officers were among the victims. On the other hand, the people of the country did not lose heavily, but they were forced to withdraw from the town upon the arrival of heavy reinforcements.

Soon afterwards an incident occurred at Baalbek, caused by the French trying to occupy a point situated within Arabia proper. The so-called 'brigands' in this case were led by a doctor of medicine who took his degree in Paris.

At Lebanon there was a brush with the Druses, and a Druse village was burned by the French troops. Here a few clear-headed men succeeded in preventing further conflicts.

At Mergeioun, where the French commander, at the suggestion of a few native Christians, conceived the odd idea of raising the French flag over the minaret of the mosque, there was lively fighting. In one of these conflicts the French troops lost 160 killed, two cannon, and several machine guns. On two separate occasions irregular Arab forces have taken French prisoners, but the government of Damascus hastened to return the latter, 40 in number. General Gouraud sent several battalions to Mergeioun to restore his

authority there, but they were unable to advance because volunteers rushed in from every direction under Emir Mahmoud Al-Faour. While affairs were in this state Emir Faisal arrived, and comparative peace ensued because the people expected that he would be in a position to assure their complete independence without reservations. Emir Faisal expressed himself very definitely on this point from the moment he arrived at Beirut. He thus calmed the people, who had begun to threaten his expulsion if he consented to any sort of a protectorate or compromised in the slightest their claim to independence.

In Lebanon, which is for the most part Maronite and more Catholic and Papist than the Pope himself, the French authorities attempted to replace several civilian functionaries, and even judges, without consulting the Administrative Council, which is a sort of legislative assembly there. This body protested with energy, repeating that even the Turks themselves had never presumed to interfere directly with the local government of Lebanon. Both in that state and the adjoining territory the Turks respected the native courts and the independence of local civil and military authorities. They asserted that the people of Lebanon did not understand French coöperation to imply political control, but merely technical and financial aid to the extent that the people themselves desired.

This protest by the Administrative Council of Lebanon, which is the only official body in Syria that has agreed to a French mandate, and has done so solely because it is anti-Mussulman, was published in an Arabian journal printed by the Maronites, which is employed as an official organ by the authorities in occupation. The French representatives thereupon suspended this paper for having ventured to pub-

lish a protest by the National Assembly where the words 'complete independence' were employed.

If the 250,000 or 300,000 Maronites, who are ordinarily such fanatical supporters of France and Catholicism, are so jealous of their independence, what about the 4,000,000 Mussulmans and the 400,000 'Orthodox' Christians of that province?

It is no use for M. Millerand to say: 'We have never thought of trespassing in any respect upon the independence of these people.' No one is deceived by such statements as that.

The armistice was signed in accordance with the conditions proclaimed by Mr. Wilson, but as soon as Germany and its allies were helpless the promises of the armistice were trodden under foot, as well as the Fourteen Points.

Such a violation of the promises of complete independence, so prodigally made to the Arabs on so many occasions, has resulted in reuniting closer than ever the Arabs and the Turks. It has taken but a few months to restore that intimacy.

After the armistice the Arabian state of Damascus, wearied of the war, abolished obligatory military service and hoped to maintain domestic order with a simple constabulary.

They thought, 'We are now independent under the protection of a European alliance or the League of Nations. We do not want to conquer other people, and no one will be permitted to conquer us. Therefore, let us do away with this useless waste.'

But, seeing the greed of the Allied Powers, they now think it necessary to have more than a little army of 15,000 troops which, together with the tribes already armed, would normally be able to defend them. So after the agree-

ment entered into between Lloyd George and Clemenceau, which opened their eyes to the kind of 'good faith' with which they were to be treated, they decided to restore obligatory military service, which will give that little country 150,000 fighting men, all trained during the late war with the Turkish forces and all equipped and armed from the German arsenals which were left in their midst. Now, as to the other tribes and races and peoples throughout that whole region, their numbers are very large, and they are all armed and resolute.

It is probable that France, by maintaining an army of 150,000 men in Syria, and by spending many billions of francs, will be able to subdue the Syrian Arabians. But that will not finish the task. The interior of that country borders upon other lands inhabited by Arabs, Kurds, and Turks, and by the immense desert. In starting a conflict with 4,000,000 Syrians, France will be making enemies of 15,000,000 Arabs in the Levant, most of whom are armed tribes, without including the other Mohammedan peoples who are speedily acquiring solidarity and organization under the blows that are being dealt them by the Entente.

If you believe that I am exaggerating, all you have to do is to investigate the facts yourself. But what good will it do to confirm the truth too late, and after floods of blood have flowed? Imperialism, greed of conquest—those are the things that caused the Great War, where after four years of fighting one group has crushed the other; but this victory has cost so dearly that victors and vanquished alike are involved in a common ruin. It looks as if this lesson, the most tremendous in history, has not taught us.

[Roter Tag (Conservative Daily Critical Supplement), February 18 and 19]

WILSON AS A STATESMAN

BY DIETRICH SCHAEFER

THERE lies before us a stately quarto volume of 305 pages, presenting to the German people in their own language the collected speeches of President Wilson. We enjoy one advantage in this. No collection equally complete exists in any other language.

The book is remarkable in one other respect. It is entitled *Wilson! The President's Work as a Statesman Expressed in His Speeches*. We have a great number of collections of speeches, memoranda, letters, documents, and other original materials intended to illustrate by their own utterances the purposes and policies of other statesmen; but few are so comprehensive as this one, none exceeds it.

A person who reads the volume through acquires a clear picture of the political labors of the President. No ambiguity is left as to his purposes and methods. His work is open to the world.

At the outset we would point out one other thing. It may be objected that the character and policies of a statesman are not to be learned from his speeches alone, but that we must know his public activities as a whole. This is quite true, and such an objection is not met by the fact that the present volume contains something more than Wilson's public speeches or addresses. But here we meet another characteristic of Wilson as a public man.

The latest popular vogue in diplomacy is 'publicity'; although the

statesmen are just as secret in their doings to-day as they ever have been within the memory of man. This is particularly true in the model popular government of the United States. One of our Cabinet Ministers, who is particularly attached to doctrinaire political traditions, recently conceived the fancy that it would be helpful to reproach the men who directed our foreign policy during the war, with the reiterated charge: 'The German people knew nothing about all this.' That sort of a litany is far truer of Wilson's practice. He has limited the circle of his confidants to the very narrowest dimensions. A knowledge of the path he chooses to reach his goal is kept from the public of his country far more effectively than similar information is kept from the public of any European country. The American people know very little of their government's dealings with foreign nations. The addresses in this volume hardly touch that subject. Wilson is a master-hand at secrecy, and he practises with the highest skill not only this art, but also that other art, much cherished by diplomats, of using words to conceal thoughts. He is conscious of this. On April 20, 1915, at an annual gathering of pressmen, he said: 'There was a time when I stood in this place and said what I really thought.' Therefore, since the other sources from which we draw our knowledge of his policies are so scanty, his speeches and addresses are of exceptional interest. They do not lose interest because their author

does not say what he thinks; for his intentions can be deciphered with fair certainty through the veil which he throws over his real thoughts.

One idea reveals itself consistently through all the President's utterances: The United States have been created in order to be a sanctuary for human freedom and justice; they have always championed these ideals throughout their history. Their foreign policies are inspired solely and exclusively by those ideals. They want nothing for themselves alone; they seek no selfish interest; they desire only to be the most just, progressive, enlightened, honorable nation of the world. They have made sacrifices purely for the sake of humanity. They wish to devote themselves as a nation to this cause, particularly in the Western Hemisphere.

The President never wearies of appealing to the high responsibilities that follow from this conception. He preaches that his purpose and that of his people is to champion ideals that bless humanity. A high and responsible mission indeed! The American people must always keep it clearly before them. The time has come when the nation must achieve the task that God has placed on its shoulders, whether it will or not.

What will those Germans think of this who condemn their own countrymen as the instigators of the war, because they inflated themselves with the analogous belief that the world could only be saved by adopting German ideals?

No one even superficially familiar with the history of the United States can fail to realize that this conception of their development and mission is fundamentally false. We hardly doubt but what President Wilson himself knows this. In fact, he has admitted as much. On October 27, 1913, he

declared before the Southern Commercial Congress at Mobile, that the United States would never *again* seek a foot of foreign territory by conquest. On November 4, 1915, he proclaimed at the Manhattan Club in New York: 'Though we may have cherished thoughts of aggression and thirst for power and territory, these were the fruits of our impulsive youth as a nation. We have broken with those ideals.' On May 27, 1916, he says before the American League for Peace that every people has the right to choose the sovereignty under which it will live. 'Like other nations, we, too, undoubtedly have offended against this principle at times, when we were temporarily misled by selfish passion, as our more honorable historians frankly admit.' But he adds consolingly that the ideal which he proclaims has become increasingly the guiding star of American national policy. The reader asks himself involuntarily how is it possible for Wilson then to assert without qualification, in defiance of his own better knowledge, that America has sought nothing but freedom, law, and justice, and above all has consistently endeavored to make the laws of humanity living realities.

These speeches themselves answer that question. Wilson is a statesman — an American statesman. He has to lead his people by keeping in close touch with them. He cannot run counter to the sentiments and opinions of the masses. But every American has an unshakable conviction that he lives under the most perfect constitution with which a country was ever blessed, and that he is serving humanity by imposing those institutions upon others. Indeed, he believes it is his obligation to crush any resistance offered to such efforts. Wilson repeatedly acknowledges that every

nation has a right to regulate its own affairs. But there is always the assumed condition that this right is limited by the interests of the United States. The moment Americans intrude upon the jurisdiction of a foreign country they must be reckoned with. For Americans always stand for justice and real human freedom. Americans believe this and the President must believe the same. Moreover, Wilson is honest in that conviction. Scruples are silenced before this faith.

The objects and methods of American policy are illustrated with particular clearness in the relations of the United States to Central and South America. In the course of the last generation the Monroe Doctrine has assumed an entirely new form. Originally it aimed only to prevent European powers from obstructing the efforts of the Spanish colonies to win their independence, and from imposing upon them by force a monarchical form of government. Monroe openly opposed the Holy Alliance, not only with the approval but at the inspiration of Great Britain. Consequently, that doctrine was not conceived as limiting the rights of European governments to establish peaceable relations in any fashion they might deem expedient with the new states of Central and South America. So Europe made a commercial conquest of those countries in which England and France and finally Germany shared. But with the industrial development of the United States, and in particular with the expansion of its manufactures, this competition became onerous. An inherited point of view made such rivalry seem to Americans an intrusion upon their national prerogatives. As early as the 90's their government began to claim the right to intervene in all controversies between Europe and the Central and

South American governments. Secretary Olney said in 1895: 'We are practically sovereign on this Continent and our fiat is law.' This irritated us Germans extremely. Professor Coolidge, one of the Berlin exchange professors the last winter before the war, in his book, *The United States as a World Power*, earnestly cautions Germany against intervening in Brazilian affairs. Wilson himself does not hesitate to endorse the fable of Germany's plans of political conquest in that region.

This nation's assumption that it is a God-appointed guardian of Spanish America is simply typical. Its disinterestedness is assumed to be beyond question. It wants nothing for itself. America's power is purely moral power. All it desires is to promote peace and equality among nations. America extends an aiding hand to the governments of South and Central America to lift them to its own level. If Mexico, for instance, doubts America's sincerity, it must learn to have faith. It has the right of revolution — no one can deprive it of that. 'Every people has the right to deal with its own country and its own government as it will.' (Germany and Austria also?) That is a right declared in the very constitution of Virginia, the native state of Washington. But odious Huerta precipitates Mexico into disaster. 'We invade Mexico in the service of humanity.' America must defend the rights of its citizens, for they are pursuing its own ideals. Wilson ignores the fact that Americans abroad have in many instances incited revolutions for selfish reasons. He only recognizes that there are Americans in every country, and that their rights must be defended.

He is also vividly impressed with the fact that the backwardness of trade with South and Central America

is largely due to lack of ships. He constantly recurs to the necessity of a great merchant marine to be supported with public aid if private capital is not forthcoming. His theoretical opposition to government subsidies does not disturb him — any more than does his hostility to trusts, which helped him so in his presidential campaign and was so speedily forgotten afterwards. The war has deprived many countries of their usual sources of merchandise — particularly Spanish-American countries. It is the duty of the United States to help them, and thus simultaneously to serve mankind and make a good profit. What a blessing it will be for those countries to be liberated from their slavery to foreign capital. The United States will also prosper by this. Wilson notes as early as October, 1916, that his country has already accumulated one third of all the gold in the world. But this is an unavoidable outcome, not a designed result. 'We Americans are not jealous of commercial competition or any other form of peaceful rivalry. Other nations which were powerful have heaped up wealth. But to make foreign policies subserve material ends is dangerous and unworthy. No, America will not do that.'

Yet we all know how following its entrance into the war, the United States Government forced the Spanish-American countries to take the same path it did. When Germany tried to extend political, military, and economic oversight to neighboring territories in order to prevent them from being employed as instruments against itself, it was naturally committing a crime against humanity. But when America, without any such excuse of self-preservation, adopted the same policy, it was laboring for the welfare of the world. Is it possible to-day for any government in the Western

Hemisphere to adopt a political policy of which the United States disapproves? Of course not. That is the very purpose and aim of the United States. That was the policy which Wilson followed and which was followed long before him. The idea is to make of the American Hemisphere a closed preserve. An opportunity has come to weld the two continents into a single unit. Pan-Germanism is ruthlessness; Pan-Americanism is the God-willed purpose of Heaven.

As the war progressed, doubt grew whether America could gain its ends in that war without direct intervention. So side by side with the endeavor to dominate South America a movement began to promote internal unity. A campaign was started against hyphenated Americans. It was opened by soothing and seductive overtures, in a speech to newly naturalized citizens at Philadelphia, shortly after the Lusitania was sunk. Gradually, it assumed sharper aspects and ended with the most arbitrary measures, measures in which the United States fell behind no other Entente Power in disregard for the dictates of justice and humanity. 'Our ancestors, or we ourselves, came to America in order to elevate the ideals of mankind, to open their eyes to higher things, and to abolish the distinctions of class and tongue that divide its members. We are united, and therefore, whoever would separate us, in this great Union, group from group and interest from interest, thrusts a dagger at our hearts.' That is the admonition which developed eventually into stern suppression of every individual or group sentiment.

Before the presidential election of 1916 a great outcry arose against the alleged efforts of the foreign elements to influence political policies by their votes. As if all candidates were not

vociferous in proclaiming their intention to keep the country out of war! Undoubtedly, Wilson was justified in his desire that every citizen of the United States should be first and foremost an American. But similar efforts in Germany to preserve intact the loyalty of our people to their own government were stigmatized by him as oppression and an arbitrary violation of natural rights.

Special interest attaches to the way Wilson discusses America's entry into the war. In May, 1917, he stated in an address to the Red Cross: 'We have entered the war without having suffered a specific injury, but the heart of our people is in this war. We would never have entered it did we not believe that it was an opportunity to express the character of the United States. We have no selfish interest for which we fight. We are the helpful friends and saviors of all mankind. What we are striving for is peace and the future security of the world. Our soldiers are crusaders.'

It was necessary, of course, to throw into equally high relief the sinfulness of his enemies. Wilson addressed himself to this task with thoroughness. His speeches are rivaled in hatefulness only by Gerard's writings. Germany's thirst for conquest and power are painted in the blackest colors. Its allies are its vassals forced to serve as tools for its ambitious plans. How far a similarity really existed between the weaker nations and the Entente, and particularly between the United States Government and its satellite powers, is not discussed. German conduct of the war is inhuman. But profiteering in munitions and a starvation blockade are never mentioned. Only Germany's enemies are inspired with the ideals of humanity!

At the same time Wilson tried to draw a distinction between the Ger-

man people and their government. The effort to separate the two, pursued so skillfully and successfully by the Entente, was well understood by the President of the United States. He was equally expert in sowing dissension between the Central Powers and their allies.

Of course, these speeches and addresses give evidence of great dialectic skill. America's President is a master at beguiling the sensibilities of his people. He is one of those popular leaders who play with exceeding skill upon the heart chords of a nation. He knows how to vary his theme in a thousand ways. He does not lack imagination and fancy. He lets the wind and the sun play with the starry banner of the Union, whose white symbolizes purity, whose red stands for the blood that has flown in its defense, and whose blue typifies the heavenly firmament above. As a speaker he knows what his listeners want, and above all that he must not spare praise and flattery. A German with ordinary political intelligence will find this music little to his liking. But that is not the point. The Americans dance to it better than to any other. What he can make them swallow in the way of subtle flattery is excellently illustrated by the address he delivered in Boston on February 24, 1919, after his first trip abroad.

We often hear the inquiry whether Wilson is really a great statesman. A person who denies it indicates that he lacks historical and political judgment. Wilson has demonstrated his ability to fill the office to which he has been chosen. He has placed America in the leadership of the world. There is no other government that to-day speaks with such authority in the council of nations. Wilson knows this. It is proved by his speeches,

and by his violating American precedents in coming to Europe. He was the first President to leave the soil of his native country during his term of office. Although America's predominance in world affairs is not heralded loudly, the importance of the fact is not thereby diminished. The time is coming when the Americans will be the exploiters of the world, and their country will back them in this task. Can a statesman accomplish more for the nation which entrusts its fate to its hands? To be sure, we detect little evidence of what we call love of truth, except so far as truth serves immediate expediency. But who can blame him for this? The highest moral command of a statesman is to secure the utmost for his country. He who shrinks from falsehood in that task is not designed for such a leading rôle. For sacrificing truth to success statesmen must make their own peace with God. As things go to-day, there is no other measure by which to judge a statesman's service, than by what he accomplishes to increase the power and greatness of his country.

Forgetfulness of this truth, both by the governing and the governed, has been a source of disaster for Germany in the World War. We do not understand America's conscience, or Wilson's conscience. This was evident when we trusted in the promise to make peace according to the principles laid down by President Wilson in his four messages. His attitude immediately fol-

lowing October 4, 1918, ought to have opened our eyes. It failed to do so. When one of our statesmen said, 'If we had known that beforehand,' or, as he might more properly have said, 'Had our workingmen known that beforehand'—his words threw a vivid light into the unfathomable abyss of our political ignorance. A person who still believes that America as a government will do anything to benefit Germany, except for the purpose of serving its own interest, is even more benighted. A study of Wilson's speeches and addresses is calculated to bring clearly before us the real truth. We, therefore, recommend that study, painful as it will be for any German who undertakes it.

These speeches deal with a great number of important questions which we have not had space to discuss. But before closing, we would call the attention of our fanciful political idealists to the pains which Wilson takes to impress upon the people of South and Central America that there can be no economic community among nations without political community. The prevailing German conception of Wilson as a statesman was best expressed in a Swabian couplet inscribed on one of the decorations provided to welcome home our returning troops at Backnang:

Seid Willkommen, Tapfre Streiter!
Gott und Wilson Helfen Weiter.

(Welcome home, ye valiant warriors!
God and Wilson now fight your battle.)

[*Neue Freie Presse* (National Liberal Daily), January 30]
THE LOG OF A ZEPPELIN JOURNEY

LAKE CONSTANCE TO BERLIN IN FIVE HOURS

BY ERNST KLEIN

WE are at Romanshorn, the Swiss frontier station at Lake Constance. It is Spotless Town even on this rainy autumn morning. The train runs onto the wharves. Everything around us is gray; tall warehouses, huddled freight cars, creaking cranes. A smoky old ferry boat puffs up to the quay, bringing eight or ten railway cars from the opposite shore, which are rolled away to the warehouses without unloading.

Across the water hang heavy rain clouds. A damp chill is in the air.

There is the usual melancholy customs inspection. Two hundred cigarettes are taken away from a young man. They must not be exported from Switzerland. They can be smoked only in that country.

'Where shall I send them?' asks the inspector. The unfortunate youth mentions some address in St. Gall. They will ultimately reach their destination: nothing disappears mysteriously in Switzerland.

We have a stormy passage. The waves toss high, and the boat dances about. The rain drums on the deck; everyone is a picture of discomfort. We arrive at Friedrichshafen, on the German side, an hour late. Again the melancholy customs inspection. It is done with German thoroughness. An official tells the passengers what they may take with them and what they must leave behind. An hour elapses before we are free to pursue our

journey. The connecting train for Stuttgart left long ago. Travelers who expected to take it stand around in despair. However, we passengers who have tickets for the airship in our pockets regard our unhappy traveling companions with indifference, and hurry on to the hotel.

But our feeling of superiority receives a violent shock — the great Zeppelin, Bodensee, appears over the northern horizon some fifteen hundred feet above our heads. It makes great circles over the water, disappearing now and then in the clouds.

'It cannot land on account of the storm,' says the port captain.

'Does that always happen?' asks a timid voice from our party.

'Why, yes.'

We pursue the inquiry no further. We are like adventurers bound for some dreamy and remote excursion who are unwilling to hear anything disagreeable as to their prospects. The airship tosses and rolls. It seems to us a little too lively. We drop our heads and stump off through the darkness to the hotel. The latter is consecrated by the memory of Count Zeppelin, who made it his headquarters.

And, indeed, it is a very comfortable place — warm rooms and good food at a moderate price — when you estimate it in Swiss money, ridiculously cheap. We sit comfortably in the lobby while the storm howls over the

lake. Soon the passengers who have arrived from Berlin on the Bodensee enter. They are very proud of themselves. They eat heartily, and are voluble over their experiences, and lavish advice upon the passengers who are to leave for Berlin next morning.

'Just eat heartily before you start, and you will enjoy it fine.'

We retire that night with somewhat mixed feelings. The wind howls with increasing violence. The old chestnut trees in the grounds groan and creak.

'Would it not be more prudent after all to take the railway?' we ponder as we drop off to sleep.

The next morning we have a pleasant surprise. The sun is shining brightly on the laughing waves of the lake. Through the great windows the Alps rise clear and white, thrusting up glittering peaks into the crystalline autumn sky.

A quarter before eight and the autos draw up in front of the hotel to take us to the flying field. The truck chugs off, loaded down with heavy baggage. Everyone is merry, expectant, elated. Five minutes in the auto and we are there. A quick turn takes us through the latticed gate of the flying park, which is guarded by a one-armed war cripple. On his breast is an Iron Cross. He is a very, very young man, still he looks happy and contented—he has a job. Do not disturb his happiness with pity. This watchman is a part of real Germany.

Several great buildings face us—workshops, Zeppelin houses. A few months ago this place was a scene of intense activity. War was the employer and master who bent the minds and bodies of men to its will. Now energy is somewhat relaxed, but people are employed in the tasks of peace. This is a point where the German nation has really begun its physical reconstruction.

The Zeppelin house is vast, solid—and chilly. In its midst rests the great airship, typical of new Germany, the proud Bodensee. The twenty passengers involuntarily draw together and stare at the long yellow monster. No one knows just what to say. So this is the great mystery! This is the sensation!

Luggage and ticket formalities are soon over. One lady receives a vigorous denial to her protests: she has at least a half dozen trunks. She must pay a small fortune to have them taken with her, considerably more than for her own elegantly fur-clad person.

Finally, we are ready and still have leisure to watch the hurry and scurry of the innumerable workers busied inside and out the vessel upon all sorts of mysterious duties. Their restless activity makes a vivid contrast to the calm placidity of the monster ship lying so quietly at its moorings. Well forward under the very prow is the cabin with small windows of mica. One of the passengers timidly taps on the sides and shrinks back in alarm. 'That is only canvas. It is not wood,' and he hastens away to get a second traveling rug. The steward is overwhelmed with questions. 'Is there much draught?' 'Is it very cold?' 'Was it a bad trip yesterday?'

'Oh, things went so-so.'

'But to-day?'

We get the oracular answer: 'That depends on the wind.' Immediately the demand for traveling rugs increases.

The extreme front of the cabin is the pilot house, which the public, naturally, cannot enter; but you are allowed to take a peek inside. You catch a glimpse of all sorts of apparatus, wheels, levers, and press-buttons: this is the brain of the Zeppelin.

Aft are the motors and propellers; great, mighty contrivances, three in

number. Two are at the side, while the largest is just under the stern. The only other noticeable part of the machinery is the rudder, a simple frame covered with linen. That is everything. It seems so very simple and self-evident. A modern express locomotive is a much more impressive piece of mechanism. There you are conscious of power and force under human control. But the Bodensee? You stand in front, look the thing over from every side, put your hands against it, but you do not know what your opinion is. You feel that you are in the presence of a mystery. Suddenly a deafening noise fills the building. One motor has started. Then a second, finally the third. There is a sighing and a heaving. The great, silent monster takes on life. It betrays its tremendous power; it vibrates, and the great building of cement and steel shudders with its motion.

Workingmen run up from every side. Commands are given. A young man in a blue uniform and cap walks completely around the airship. He has sharply cut features, tanned like those of a sea officer. Without his saying a word you recognize immediately that he is the navigator. The lady of the six trunks trips up to him, 'Will we have a good trip?' she lisps.

'I hope so.'

She ventures a second question, 'Don't you mind bad weather?'

The young man smiles, 'I have made the trip pretty often.'

'Even during the war?'

'Yes, during the war.'

He is already back by the engines. The engineer says, 'Ready?' 'Ready!' 'All aboard!'

The passengers hurry up the wooden steps into the cabin. They are surprised at finding it so comfortable. The interior is of dark red cloth, and there are comfortable chairs for every-

one. Each finds his proper place, wraps up in his rugs and waits for the great moment.

The motors are silent. Instead of them you now hear the water ballast pouring out. The vessel rises, almost imperceptibly. Workingmen grasp the ropes. Slowly the great creature moves out of the building, step by step. It is carefully led, being unable to guide itself.

When we are clear of the building there are new commands, and manoeuvres incomprehensible to us passengers. But this lasts only a moment. Then everything is suddenly silent and we hear the crisp, sharp order, 'Aloft!'

And now a miracle. A fraction of a moment ago we were but a metre above the greensward. Now we look out over the blue hills and the water. It is the lake. We rise, and continue to rise. The lake sinks deeper and deeper. The houses and trees follow it. Everything becomes little. Down there below is Friedrichshafen with its towers: beyond, the lake; far, far beyond, the mountains. Already we see brown fields below, cut by straight lines. Then come dark forests, and a railway track.

We are plunging forward through the air, and hardly notice it.

At first we are somewhat disappointed. Each man looks at his neighbor. No one expected it to be just like this. It is the latest experience, something quite overwhelming, something to take away your breath. But you sit there much more comfortable than if you were on board an express train, and sip an excellent cup of hot coffee while you survey the landscape below as if you were regarding a giant map.

Soon a white glitter comes over the brown fields and dark green forests: it is snowing. We are flying through the hurrying flakes.

Everyone shouts with pleasure. All

of us crowd to one side where a great slender spire is thrust up toward us. It is the cathedral at Ulm. The great Gothic steeple rises high above the streets and alleys of the ancient city. Suddenly it looks as if it were slowly turning over and as if the whole city were turning round it; gables and roofs circle about in unison. It is merely our airship that is changing course. Hitherto we have been traveling directly northward. Now we turn to the northeast over Nuremberg. Ulm disappears behind us. The Danube looks like a little silver ribbon in the distance. We speed on and on. It is a miracle. We are unconscious of the swiftness with which we are cleaving the air. The steward says, 'We have a direct wind aft, and are running on half power, else we would get to Berlin at noon.'

On and on without stopping. A dark spot appears on the horizon. It enlarges and then divides into distinguishable objects, houses, factories, smoking chimneys. That is Nuremberg. It is far below us but perfectly distinct. You can even see the people on the streets, and you fancy you can detect them gazing up and waving to us. There is a railway station with its network of tracks; but they are absolutely deserted, there is not a train in the yards. A few freight cars lie on the sidings; occasionally a locomotive is seen, but it is silent and smokeless. That is our first evidence of Germany's prostration.

Then comes something else quite as sad. You count chimneys innumerable surrounding the city. Nuremberg was a centre of German industry and labor, but now you can number on your fingers those from which smoke appears. Most of them are cold and lifeless—second symptom of the frightful disease that paralyzes our land.

On and on, Bayreuth slips past. The heights of the pine-clad mountains rise in the distance. The Thuringian forest marches toward us. Little winsome nests of villages blink up from the lovely valleys. They seem like children peeping out from some secure hiding place at the passing monster. You hardly catch them with your eye before they have disappeared.

Now comes Leipzig. The Battle Monument appears, massive and stern as the age which it recalls. Iron armored knights, who hold aloft the vaulted canopy, stand with cast-down countenances, as if they were ashamed of the present age. Fast on this monument of our past, but unforgotten, greatness comes another monument of our present misfortune—an immense new cemetery. The graves stretch out in endless rows. The dead who are sleeping there have died to realize a mighty dream of power.

Now comes the city, and again we see the smokeless chimneys. Below us stretches the Union Station with hundreds of tracks dead and empty. Still we push forward. Yellow stretches appear below, broken by little dark spots. This is Brandenburg with its sandy wastes and its evergreen forests. The yellow soil raised a hard race, so sturdy and strong that the whole world had to rally to subdue it.

Half past one. Glimpses of bright water on the north. These are the Lakes of the Marches. Nearer and nearer they approach. Far beyond is a great gray cloud of darkness. That is the breath of Berlin. Hastening toward us come the green of suburban gardens and parks, then palaces and castles. This is Potsdam, formerly an imperial residence. Sans Souci appears with its terraces and its great parade ground, now nothing but a repellent, deserted field.

Here are our airship's quarters. We

make a great circle and suddenly descend. Again a crowd of workmen grasp the ropes, and our immense air monster is soon on the firm ground, helpless and motionless.

So we descend. In front of the building is a great auto-bus. There is much laughing and chatter. We jump aboard pell-mell, and as we pass out of the entrance the clock above the arch points to 2.20 P.M.

The Döberitz military road is all but deserted. Here and there is a factory; almost without exception it is silent. Then come the tenements—at first standing isolated, the sentinels of the great city. Soon little groups of houses, clustered together, and the first tram lines. Then the houses become thicker and unite to form city blocks.

We pass the first underground station. The streets become livelier and noisier.

At Charlottenburg the passengers for West Berlin get out. Now we are in the city. Five hours ago we were drinking coffee on the shores of Lake Constance.

Two Hollanders left the bus with me to go to a *pension* in the West End. During the journey they frequently spoke unkindly of Germany. One of them, indeed, was quite bitter. But just as they were leaving, this gentleman said in bidding me good-bye: 'Do you know, a nation that can set up such an institution as this right after its defeat will never go down.' He hesitated a moment, and added 'I can understand Clemenceau's hate.'

THE ARGENTINE UNVEILED

[*Vorwärts* (Conservative Socialist Daily), February 19]

I. I. W. W. Tactics in the Argentine

As long ago as last November there were many indications of a coming bitter conflict between capital and labor. While previous disorders had originated in the metropolis and spread from this centre to the country, the situation was now reversed. Trouble started in the provinces and was communicated to the capital.

Labor's declaration of war was issued early in December in the Province of Santa Fe, where a circular was distributed among the rural workers calling for 'the complete destruction of the social order, unless, on or before January 20, 1920, all the workmen imprisoned for revolu-

tionary agitation are restored to their families.' Unless these men were released, the workers were urged 'systematically to destroy crops by setting fires in the fields, by burning elevators and grain warehouses, and by wrecking trains and wharf machinery.' This proclamation caused the farmers to appeal for protection to the Minister of Agriculture. Precautionary measures were taken but with little effect. The agitation rapidly spread through the provinces of Santa Fe, Costa Rica, Cordova, and Buenos Aires. The terrified farmers and grain dealers made more insistent appeals, and on December 26 government troops were dispatched to the interior to assist the local police and the provincial authorities to suppress the movement and bring the guilty to justice.

An immediate consequence was that on the 30th of December, through the great wheat district of Bahia Blanca, fifty kilometres of grain ready to harvest, were set on fire through a continuous zone. This fire raged for forty-eight hours and destroyed the greater part of the crop in that region. While this fire was raging and the whole population was in alarm, other fires started in the vicinity of Tornquiste, Dorila, and Pico, destroying grain to the value of many hundreds of thousands of dollars. A third gigantic grain fire started in the province of Buenos Aires, in the region between the Rio Colorado and the Rio Negro, where an area of fifty square kilometres of grain fields and pastures was swept clean. In the neighborhood of 'Kilometre Forty,' on the railway between Bahia Blanca and Patagones, great stores of timber were destroyed by fire. It was not until eight days later that Bahia Blanca could report that the fires, after destroying untold values in standing grain, timber, pasturage, and cattle, had been extinguished or checked.

No reports were published of the arrest of the guilty persons, though this should not be interpreted to mean that none was captured. Hardly had these fires been extinguished before reports arrived of other fires in the southern part of the province of Buenos Aires, and in the national Territory of Pampa Central. This time it was publicly acknowledged that the mysterious revolutionary committee, which had issued to the capitalists the ultimatum we quoted above, had instigated these fires, and that this committee had succeeded in enlisting in its service a great number of the so-called *lingeras*, or itinerant laborers.

All these things occurred before the end of the period stated in the ultimatum.

Following the last alarming reports, the conservative, *Liga Patriotica*, took action. First of all, it issued a proclamation to the country people, which was posted up on every railway station, and contained the following paragraphs:

We have all read the challenge which a group of criminals has issued as an ultimatum to the laboring population. In order to meet these lawless attacks we must bear in mind what the penal code provides in Article 81, which says:

'He does not commit an illegal act who kills or wounds a person detected breaking into a house belonging to another person, or forcing entrance to that house against the will of the owner.

'He does not commit an illegal act who kills or wounds a person caught in the act of destroying fences, burning farms, or threatening, whether with or without arms, a property owner, a colonist, or a worker, within the latter's premises.

'In general, he does not commit an illegal act who kills or wounds another when convinced that it is necessary in order to defend himself, his honor, the fruit of his labor, or his country. Therefore, every laborer, farmer, or colonist, should arm himself to defend his own rights and to protect the lawful authorities.'

A person familiar with Argentine country life, and the freedom with which the people there carry and employ knives and revolvers, will realize what a fearful situation might be created by such an appeal to impulsive murder.

Simultaneously with the mysterious ultimatum of the revolutionary committee strikes began to multiply. Many of them had a direct connection with that agitation. The strike of the laborers employed by the great *Compania Forestal*, in the northern part of the province of Santa Fe, which had continued peaceably and was in a fair way of amicable settlement, suddenly assumed a violent character. When the troops appeared, the strikers set fire to the great stores of accumulated timber, stormed and burned the mills, plundered the warehouses of provisions and merchandise, and betook them-

selves to the forests, where they lived upon their booty and upon the cattle of the company, which they slaughtered to their hearts' content. The government employed cavalry to hunt down these insurgents, but without success. Finally, on the 13th of January, a telegram reached Buenos Aires saying that the strike had ended with a complete victory for the strikers.

Another serious country strike was started two months ago by the laborers working in the Comodoro Rivadavia petroleum fields, and is still in progress. In addition, several labor disturbances have broken out on the government railways in the extreme southern and northern states of the republic. The employees of the Traction and Lighting Company are on a strike; and last of all, we have a resumption of the strike of the long-shoremen. Accompanying these are a great number of smaller disputes in the provincial towns and the capital, some of which have dragged along for more than six months. We now hear rumors of a general strike of the railway men and of the salaried employees and workers of the Gas and Electric Company. It looks as though the workingmen were gradually manœuvring for the big contest with capital which has been predicted for more than a year.

Employers look forward with considerable confidence to the outcome. They know that they have the firm support of the government, of the 'Association of Labor,' and the 'Patriotic League'; and that back of them is the general fear of Bolshevism. Meantime, the determination shown by the workers has attracted recruits to their cause from every side. The business situation is growing worse on account of the rising cost of living. Immigration is increasing, and the

arrival of these new and willing laborers adds to the self-confidence of the employers.

[*Vossische Zeitung* (Conservative, Democratic Daily), February 3]

II. *What an Immigrant Finds in the Argentine*

BY ROBERT PINCUS

BUENOS AIRES, end of December.

DURING the last few years this country has emerged from a business depression that had continued for several years, and apparently would have been still more serious had the war not occurred. A person can form no accurate idea of the experiences of our immigrants by reading the German newspapers printed here. It is necessary to go out into the country, where immigrants must work and live, to understand their experiences.

Most recent arrivals have found work, but many of them have soon left their jobs or lost them. Others have gone to Paraguay, and probably more will follow. Those who have gone to estates in the interior, or to German settlements, have so far succeeded best. But their lives are not as rosy as they are painted in Europe. Unless they have considerable capital, they must engage as farm laborers without much prospect of speedy advancement. They certainly could do better in this occupation at home. Formerly a great shortage of labor existed and good land was to be had in districts recently opened up by railways. But for several years no railway extensions have been made in the Argentine, not even in districts where they promise to be very profitable. Where labor conditions in the country are best, is where there is least opportunity to become an independent farmer. Furthermore, the railway

companies and the trusts connected with them have the farmers at their mercy. If the railways want to raise their rates, as they constantly do, they force the government to permit this by refusing to provide cars for months at a time, with the result that country products cannot be sent to market. As a single illustration, a few months ago some four hundred thousand sacks of potatoes in the southern part of the province of Buenos Aires went to waste because the potato trust, which is in close alliance with the railway company, would not permit them to be shipped to consuming centres for fear this might lower prices. When the price of Indian corn was not satisfactory to the English buyers who were speculating in it, the English bag monopoly raised prices to such a point that farmers were forced to sell their crops below cost of production or to dispose of them as fuel to the railways. Wheat farmers often have similar experiences. When the railways and the trusts leave any margin for the farmers, small landholders frequently face losses for other reasons. At one time it is the big landlords, and at another time the rings of speculators, that batten on the labor of the needier settlers.

Cattle raising is not so precarious as farming. But a very large capital is required for this business, in order to survive drouths, epidemics, and the speculative juggling of the cold storage companies. Small dairymen are in a far better situation. They generally combine this business with raising hogs. Truck gardening and fruit raising near the cities offer good opportunities, if a person has capital and understands the language and the local customs.

In general an Argentine farmer has a higher standard of living—or at least makes more claims for physical

luxuries—than a German peasant. He is compelled to lead a lonely existence. In the Argentine pampas and the southern territories, months may pass without his meeting a single stranger. An immigrant must depend upon himself in case of sickness or accident, and during the first years of his residence must expect to be preyed upon by his canny neighbors. The *almacenero*, or storekeeper, of the nearest village, which is often more than sixty miles away, regards him as a legitimate victim. In order to become independent he must have capital; and few of the settlers come with sufficient means, generally having used up most of their savings to pay their passage. In such cases they must start as common laborers. Germans must bear in mind in this connection that most of the farm hands in this country are Spaniards or Italians. They come only for the harvest and have a very low standard of living; so they can save enough to make an occasional visit home.

A recent German immigrant who had just returned to Buenos Aires after working for a time in the country remarked to me: 'So this is the sort of place it is! Why, I was practically a slave. We have not abolished servitude in Germany merely to come here and subject ourselves to a new slavery.'

As everyone knows, there are special acts to promote colonization and lease holding. According to the letter of the law a farmer can easily acquire land. The government is obligated to provide him with land, cattle, and necessary implements upon long term credit. But it is less generally known that these laws do not always apply to immigrants and that the government enacts many measures which it delays or omits putting into effect. The legislature and the administration have excellent intentions. But great ob-

stacles lie in the way of carrying out such laws immediately; and they are not fully in force even to-day.

People here have more confidence in the organization of German farm colonies. The Argentine Government will not place obstacles in their way. A project to found such a colony has been discussed for a year without definite progress. German capital in the Argentine cannot be induced to embark in such enterprises, because the local Germans seem to have neither hearts nor heads. They are willing to do only the things that they have seen successfully done by others. The very Germans who might set an example shirk responsibility, and willfully shut their eyes to the need and the desirability — even from a selfish standpoint — of helping their fellow countrymen. Everybody who has resided abroad knows that Germans are egoists in dealing with their own people. Meantime Allied financiers are going ahead with ambitious colonization projects, some of which are already under way. They will doubtless employ German laborers, the profit of whose toil will enrich the very nations which have wrought such evil to our country.

My personal experiences and investigations in the country, however, would not make me dissuade our people from immigration so much as the worse conditions in the cities. Mechanics, clerks, merchants, and professional men have no prospects whatever unless they have ample capital and know the people thoroughly. The government encourages manufactures. The latter have recently made progress because the war cut off European supplies and the United States had better markets in Europe. But it is very doubtful whether these enterprises can continue under peace conditions. Argen-

tina does not require many skilled workers, and those who are already here fill the need. But it would not be difficult to find employment for a number of trained agriculturists. Their services ought to be in demand with resident German manufacturers and merchants. Many of these firms and individuals are disposed to enlarge their activities by agricultural undertaking, but they encounter certain difficulties. For the past few years they have been hampered by the Black List. They are happy to have survived this crisis at all. Unfortunately, they do not seem profoundly interested in Germany. Responsibility for this attitude rests in no small part upon the reserve and shortsightedness of certain important German business houses and banks. How can we explain in any other way the fact that managers of banks belonging to citizens of the Allied countries boast that a large fraction of their recent customers are Germans? In fact we are witnessing here the same unhappy condition that we see in Germany itself — lack of unity.

[*Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory), February 1]

WOMEN IN GERMAN POLITICS

BERLIN, January.

THERE was a time, some fifteen or twenty years ago, when women interested in the Feminist Movement in Germany exhibited an ardent desire to get into political life. You heard everywhere, 'Oh! if we only could vote for members of Parliament.' Or, 'If the first women members were in Parliament now . . .' Admission to Parliament seemed to the advanced women of that day as the key to all bliss, the fulfillment of every aspiration. Many of them thought the possibility not remote, no more so than

admission to the universities had seemed, and that had been secured.

Now, all these wishes, no matter how extreme, have been fulfilled. Every woman twenty years old or more can vote and can occupy almost any public office. The fact that women are not specifically eligible to the presidency and to the cabinet is looked upon as an incomprehensible oversight in the constitution. Possibly, the oversight was due to the fact that our people recognized that even the most democratic countries had not gone that far. But who knows but what we may speedily amend even that.

Women have the vote anyway, and there is every prospect that they will retain it. The present situation is not affected by the fact that woman suffrage was merely a bait, which the Social Democrats employed in the days before they had so large a following as at present to win a few additional votes. The party surely succeeded in that, and is greatly indebted to the activity and support given it by women. We need only recall the tremendous influence that Bebel's book, entitled, *Woman*, exercised some thirty years ago. It was one of the most effective propaganda publications ever written in Germany. Thousands of women read it with burning cheeks and beating hearts, and promptly turned away from the bourgeoisie, which at that time denied them any concession whatsoever in the matter of education and political rights.

Giving the vote to women was after all a logical development which democracy could not oppose and be consistent with itself. It was part of a movement that embraced all Europe. Russia, Scandinavia, and likewise England — with certain limitations — have adopted such measures. France and Italy still take the position that women have no business in Parliament

and in administrative positions. The reasons for this are stated with the utmost cynicism by the Latin peoples. They feel that they are dominated by women in every other sphere of life, and do not wish to be so in politics. The Germans and the Scandinavians are different. They recognize and respect the personality of women.

The second question is whether the women are satisfied with the new freedom that our revolution has brought them. What use are they making of their novel rights? In regard to the first question, in general the women are satisfied, although one not infrequently hears remarks from women of the higher social class quite critical of what is now occurring. They dislike especially the influence of women agitators of radical views upon school children and young working people. It is rather remarkable that the female contingent in the delegations of the different parties in our present National Assembly is strongest in the most radical of these parties — that is, the Independent Socialists. Altogether, there are thirty-six women members of that body. They constitute nearly seventeen per cent of the Independents, eleven per cent of the Majority Socialists, seven per cent of the German Nationalists, less than seven per cent of the Clericals, six per cent of the Democrats, and less than five per cent of the Conservative People's party. The Independents, consequently, have profited most by Woman Suffrage, while the bourgeois parties have drawn little strength from that source. Doubtless the attention the Socialists paid to the political training of women, and the number of women in that party who possess native or acquired ability as public speakers, has contributed largely to this result. Women of the bourgeoisie are practically untrained

in this field. It was equally to be expected that the women who became prominent in political life would mostly come from professional and literary pursuits. There are only two real working women in the Socialist parliamentary delegation. The others are teachers, writers, party secretaries, or social welfare workers. Working women, whether factory girls or home workers, women clerks, and in general women of the classes that stand in particular need of legislative protection, are practically unrepresented in Parliament.

According to the latest statistics there are about 1300 women members of City Councils in Germany. Of these, 484 belong to the Majority Socialists, 376 to the Democrats, 215 to the Clericals, and 179 to the Independents. This reverses the position of the Independents in the National Assembly.

The part that women have played in the Imperial Parliament has been very modest. One marked exception, to be sure, exists — the Independent Socialist member, Mrs. Louise Zeitz. Mrs. Zeitz makes extremely liberal use of all the liberties that the new era has bestowed upon her. She is the 'klaxon' of Parliament. She does not merely proclaim the principles which her party favors, but she hammers them into the ears of the world; and her ill opinion of those who hold different views, is something she never attempts to conceal.

Such a characterization, however, does not apply in the slightest to the ladies representing the bourgeois parties. Mrs. Gertrude Baümer has, it is true, spoken with great feeling on questions of general education and women's labor. Others could be mentioned who have discussed these and kindred questions with considerable fervor. In general, the lady members have not gone beyond the field of

social legislation, which makes first appeal to their natural sympathies.

However, the political activity of women is by no means confined to the National Assembly. They are members of committees, political organizations, and women's societies interested in public affairs. They appear as spellbinders on the streets during political campaigns — although bourgeois women have not hitherto attempted this. German women are not as ready as their English sisters to speak to street crowds — if we except those who belong to the Radical parties. That is due to a difference in national temperament. But women have played an important part in Berlin as political demonstrators. At every great mass meeting or workers' parade you will notice that fully half of those present are women. They are the readiest to take part in that kind of effort. We cannot be certain that they know always just why they are there.

One might expect from the active participation of women in politics, the beginning of some such institution as a political salon. Attempts to establish such an institution in Berlin hitherto have always failed, and probably they will fail now. There have been such attempts very recently. In the autumn of 1918, not long before the revolution, an adventuress maintained a salon in the Esplanade, one of the leading hotels in Berlin, and was placed under surveillance on the suspicion that she had dealings with pacifists and friends of the Entente. The Countess who was here involved over-estimated the political influence of the men who gathered in her parlors. The house of a well-known art dealer became in the course of 1919 a gathering place for many critical spirits under the leadership of that gentleman's wife, who had been a leading actress in

Berlin. Bright-witted people made epigrams and thought they were doing something in politics. Most such persons are satisfied with their results when they have heard themselves talk. Such circles incorporate the unbounded desire of Berlin society to think aloud. But the real political worth of these gatherings is easily over-estimated. They are not the kind of thing that proves effective. We lack women of the type that makes political salons a success. Those that did have brief periods of brilliance in the old days, were usually presided over by Jewesses or women from Vienna, seldom by native ladies. Moreover, our democratic institutions do not require this sort of thing. The people who are now on top in the government are not exactly parlor pets. We are living in an age of political uncertainty, when no one feels secure of his fortune and power overnight. The petty jealousies which have arisen among the women of the present Cabinet, and which are causing so much gossip in Berlin now, do not indicate anything of political importance. These are the same kind of rivalries that one encounters in any little social clique.

So women play a relatively small part in the political 'life behind the scenes' of Germany. The Germans are a practical, cool-headed people, and are not likely to be carried away by purely society attentions. So far as society women have political influence, it is limited to very trivial matters, such as securing for their friends petty appointments and clerkships.

[*Vorwärts* (Conservative Socialist Daily),
February 4]

STORM CLOUDS IN THE EAST

AVERAGE readers peruse the weather reports from the Russian-Polish border with great indifference. They comment: 'What is it to us whether the

Russians and Poles make peace or start fighting when the spring opens? We have peace here — the peace of Versailles.'

It is most important to disturb this equanimity by drawing sharp attention to the possibilities which the Russian-Polish conflict has for us. We mean possibilities, not necessary consequences. We say possibilities because, to put it briefly, Europe may be headed for a worse time this coming summer than it has had yet, and Germany may be the battlefield of a new war.

People may dispute whether the Socialism of the Russian Soviet Republic is true or false. We agree with Kautsky that Bolshevism is Tartar Socialism and that it threatens Europe with a new Thirty Years' War. But though the Socialism of the Soviet Republic may be false, the Militarism of that republic is strictly genuine, and it has at its beck and call the most powerful armed might in Europe, disciplined to absolute obedience. The Moscow authorities claim to have two and a half million men under arms, of whom one and a half million can be thrown against Poland. Poland's man power is estimated at seven hundred and ten thousand soldiers.

Now what support is Poland going to have? England is being kept too busy in Asia; France thinks it has enough on its hands with Germany. For either of these two countries to rush to Poland's assistance would lead to domestic troubles from the Socialists in one case and the English Labor party in the other. If Poland is left to resist Russia alone it is easily conceivable that Russia will overwhelm it, and that in a very brief period that country will be completely Bolshevized and Russianized.

What then? In that event, a tremendous group of forces will be

assembled on our Eastern border, drawn from an empire extending from Vladivostok to the German frontier. East Prussia will be surrounded. What remains of Germany will be subject to powerful pressure. It will be a case of *Hannibal ante portas!* Lenin and Trotzky at the gates of Berlin!

This Hannibal need not necessarily come as an enemy. At any rate Germany will not start the fight. We are not disposed to accept Russia's scheme of government and apply it to our own country. But we shall not commit the folly of settling this difference of taste with bayonets. There are a hundred reasons for evading Russia's challenge, but there is one that is alone decisive. Our army is reduced by the Peace Treaty to a hundred thousand men. It would be the utmost folly to oppose resistance with such a handful to a power like present Russia. We have no recourse but to submit.

However, history teaches the lesson that the most peaceful resolves are no guaranty of peace. The powerful become arrogant. Bolshevism is not only militarist, but it is imperialist. It believes in imposing its faith with the scimitar and it dreams of its final victory on the Rhine. But would the forces on the Rhine wait its approach when it was preparing to cross the Oder? In any case, a Bolshevik Poland means a revolutionary change in Europe's political grouping. Let us repeat, we are merely speaking of possibilities not of necessary consequences, or even of probabilities. But

is not the mere existence of these possibilities something to set all Europe thinking? Our own interests make us demand the removal of this peril and the assurance of a permanent peace on our Eastern border. The peace not only of that border, but of all Europe, is in danger. Where is the League of Nations which was to protect the world from war? That League was promised us when the Entente demanded our complete disarmament; and Germany is entitled to insist that it have this protection for itself and for the peace of nations.

Europe is to-day divided into four camps: the Entente and Russia, which are still facing each other in arms, the neutral countries, and the helpless conquered governments. This splitting up of civilized mankind constitutes a tremendous danger and is itself an incentive to more warfare. Unless we can get together on terms just to everyone, we cannot feel certain that peace will be maintained.

If the League of Nations was what it should be, the situation would impel it to summon every government of Europe, including Russia, to an immediate conference to discuss the measures necessary to guarantee peace. That conference would make it clear whether Russia extended a hand of friendship or threw down the gage of war. Until such a conference nothing else can lay the firm foundations for a peace or for a union of nations against any power that defies peace.

[*The London Quarterly*]

AMERICAN LITERATURE ABROAD

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT

THE Cambridge University Press, during the last two years, has begun to issue its long-expected work on the rise and progress of American literature. The third volume has yet to come, but the exhaustive thoroughness of the first two suffice for an approximately complete impression of what the finished work will be. Nothing could have been more happily or significantly timed than the coincidence, so far as it has yet gone, of this publication with the Spa armistice of 1918, and the Paris treaty conference of the following year.

Both those events bore the impress of American sagacity and statesmanship as well as more or less disinterested loyalty to a cause which was not that of any one people or state, but of humanity and civilization. While these events were in progress on European soil, the best possible of American commentaries was being prepared for them in these handsome volumes, forming, as they do, not merely a record of Anglo-Saxon authorship beyond seas, but of the successive stages in the entire intellectual, moral, spiritual, not less than literary evolution of the American race. For to that, and nothing less, it will amount when the coping-stone has been placed upon an undertaking whose scale renders it colossal.

Those recently and still coöperating to raise this monument to the New World's achievement in the 'Humanities,' modestly quote the Spanish seventeenth-century adage —

'To equal a predecessor, one must have twice his worth.' Disclaiming that qualification, the authors merely mention some distinctive features of their enterprise. It begins with the infant and almost inarticulate expressions of national thought; it brings the narrative down to the most highly polished specimens of nineteenth and twentieth-century verse or prose. It surveys the whole higher life of an entire community. Thus far it is the only work of its kind executed by scholars selected from every class and section of the American continent, Canada not excepted. To those unique characteristics one may presently return. At the outset I may just touch on the opportune emphasis with which it will remind every reader of the influence on the economy and regulation of the Old World's affairs by the absolutely new force that has entered into or associated itself with them.

National and international statesmanship grows increasingly agreed that President Wilson's plan is the world's greatest human hope. The arguments in its favor, the method and accompanying circumstances of their statement, form a contrast to the conduct of international peace procedure in all other post-war negotiations recorded by history so striking as to invite a few words now.

The earliest congress of the European Powers for universal reconstruction on anything like the same scale as the twentieth century has forced upon its sovereigns and statesmen

were the meetings at Münster, resulting in the Treaty of Westphalia (1648), which in things sacred, as well as secular, formed a real reconstruction of human society from one end of the world to the other. The group of international documents to which that agreement belongs includes also the Peace of Ryswick in the seventeenth century and of Utrecht in the eighteenth. The Westphalia conferences were held entirely or for the most part at Münster in Prussia, the signature took place at Hamburg. From first to last negotiations were inordinately prolonged by Franco-Spanish jealousy and by the difficulty which the official mediator, then first heard of, found in composing the private feud between the French plenipotentiaries D'Avaux and Servien.

Eventually the difficulty solved itself by the two impracticable Gaelic rivals retiring, though the Münster section of the great understanding was really the sole work of Servien for France and Trautsmendorf for the Empire. D'Avaux as well as Servien was allowed to save his face by the appearance of his signature, among the others, to the bit of paper. There was also an Austro-Swedish agreement, carried through by the famous Oxenstiern, Queen Christina's Minister, whose son received, in view of these and other transactions of the same sort, the familiar advice to 'watch and see with how little wisdom the world is governed.'

More strictly relevant to my present subject than any of the diplomatic incidents between 1648 and 1697 was the intellectual and literary atmosphere surrounding them, and more particularly the culture, with all its varied influences, breathed fifteen years after Ryswick by the promoters of the voluminous convention known as the Treaty of Utrecht in 1712 — an

understanding entirely effected by the private 'deal' between the French representative De Torcy and the English St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke.

Treaty making was then, as it remained for many years afterwards, a stately ceremonial on severely classical lines. The preliminary Ryswick negotiations were marked by several neat little discourses about a resemblance, real or imaginary, of existing European conditions to the relations subsisting between the various little communities of classical Italy and Greece. Jonathan Swift found an occasion for commending himself afresh to his Tory patrons and giving proof of his international aptitude by his tractate on the contests and dissensions in Athens and Rome. This was written on the first prospect of the Utrecht conference, when the two Houses were at feud about the Tory impeachment of Somers and the other Whig leaders who had to do with the Partition treaty. The terrible pamphleteer soon had his reward in the chaplaincy to the Duke of Ormond. He had been guided in his choice of the subject by the best friend he ever had, Lady Betty Germaine, who could think of no other theme so likely to help him toward his ambition of connecting himself with the expected scheme of European reconstruction. 'This by Swift,' said one of the dean's rivals. 'I know as a fact it was Bishop Burnet's work.' 'And I,' rejoined Lady Betty, 'know better than fact that it is the Dean's.'

What, too, could be more exclusively classical than the scene on which the curtain rises in the spring of 1712 in the Utrecht council chamber? There, conspicuous by his handsome features, his superb periwig, and his cloak, arranged to reproduce the folds of a Roman toga, is the Alcibiades of his time, the prince of patrician profigates and pseudo-philosophers, Henry

St. John, leaning against a scagliola pillar, deep in a pocket volume of the Olynthiacs and Philippics. Near him is his French confederate De Torcy, languidly looking at rather than troubling to examine his map of Europe in one hand and the plays of Racine in the other.

And now enters the most splendid apparition of all. It is the English Lord Privy Seal, the last prelate employed on a secular mission of any kind, the Lord Bishop of Bristol. For the best part of an hour before this he has been studying in a huge looking-glass his own reflection to see whether his pose and equipment is according to the pattern as regards outline of the elder Cato, whom his facial features are supposed to resemble. His black velvet gown is adorned with golden loops; his long train is carried by two pages in ash-colored coats laced with silver orris, and waistcoats of green velvet (*Complete History of Europe*, 1712, page 64). In this magnificent masquerade the histrionic Bolingbroke was perhaps after all the most genuine personage. I have forgotten whether his portrait has a place in that noble collection of statesmen adorning Christchurch Hall; of that house tradition represents St. John as an alumnus. This is pure fiction, for his education began and ended at Eton. There, however, he acquired much more classics than most of his contemporaries in that classical age. Bolingbroke's differences with Marlborough did not prevent his honoring the great soldier's memory as the first minister and most consummate general our country or perhaps any other has produced.

Thackeray, who idealized the Queen Anne period and its characters, has something to say about the magnanimity shown to one another by those of its personages who were rivals.

Bolingbroke on Marlborough is a characteristic instance. From the panegyric on his achievements in peace and war, St. John shows him as a humane and compassionate man; his eagerness for fresh conquests without delay never caused him (after the manner, it may be said, of the first Napoleon) to neglect the wounded; his prisoners were always treated with kindly courtesy, while on countless other occasions he alone among our chief captains displayed a mercy and gentleness toward the fallen, equaling, if not surpassing, the tenderness and respect which after the defeat of the Persian King was lavished by Alexander the Great on his mother, wife, and daughters.

St. John's classical interests have been already mentioned. Here it may be added that for the benefit of a reverend parasite twittering the phrases somewhat inopportunist of Marlborough and himself, Bolingbroke recalled from the *Odyssey*, book viii, line 62, the compliment coming from Ulysses at the court of King Alcinoüs to the bard Demodocus who sang of the loves of Aphrodite and Ares. In the conversation which followed, with reference to the same subject, Bolingbroke not less glibly quoted a remarkable couplet from *The Bacchæ*.* Whether or not the Utrecht business gave St. John another chance of showing that he had not forgotten his Greek must be left to conjecture. The classical curriculum of his Eton time was wider and more varied than it has been since. His *Letters on History* still exhale a perceptibly Hellenic atmosphere and abound in signs of intimacy not only with Plutarch but Dionysius of Halicarnassus. There was plenty of arguing from or about Greek or Roman precedents, with much men-

* When Bacchus goes, then Venus flies,
And out of life all pleasure dies (773-74).

tion of the Amphyctionic council and other peace-making agencies not only at the Utrecht talks but a hundred years later among the dazzlingly be-starred Vienna negotiators, who showed their reconstructive skill by pulling the world to pieces, like a dissecting map, and rather clumsily putting it together again afterwards.

In view of the creative labors on a larger scale at home as well as beyond seas, now crowding our days and bewildering our statesmen, there have been brought to light no historic examples more full of instruction, interest, and even inspiration than those collected with such consummate and original judgment by the *Spectator*. The pages containing these have all the practical usefulness for our world regenerators and politicians to-day that the eighteenth-century writers of the American *Federalist* possessed not only for the parliamentary students of that period, but for those among us who were getting up political philosophy in the nineteenth century for our final schools under teachers of such light and leading as W. W. Capes, of Queens', or W. L. Newman, of Balliol.

The special interest now attaching to all leaders of transatlantic thought and the useful suggestions still to be derived from the literary labors that accompanied the making of the American constitution, invest with a seasonable value those sections of the Cambridge History that testify to the study and thought involved in the eighteenth-century conversion of a British colony into an independent and sovereign polity. The literary preparations for that enterprise cannot at this distance of time be seen in their true perspective dimensions or significance without such knowledge of the earlier and preliminary processes as may now for the first time be fully

gathered from the volumes whose titles introduce this writing. The creation of New England, it must be remembered, did not form the first chapter in the story of British transatlantic settlement — a gradual and sporadic process extending over many decades.

The year that has just opened forms the tercentenary of the Mayflower's sailing from the English Plymouth to its new-world namesake. At the time of these events in 1620, the first Anglo-American Parliament had assembled in Virginia. It was the epoch of adventurous corporations; the Virginia Company came to birth in the city of London (1607), after Sir Walter Raleigh's imprisonment put an end to the schemes he had formed for peopling the New World. As colonial leader, Raleigh was followed by a Lincolnshire farmer's son, John Smith, whose vicissitudes and exploits, even during his lifetime, in Thucydidean phrase, 'won their way to the fabulous.'

The diversity of English classes and characters brought together in a strange land contained the germ of those differences, social, intellectual, religious, and political, which were afterwards to form lines of cleavage in American life, letters, and polity. The original Virginia settlers were mostly English gentlemen desirous of reproducing in their fresh home the free patrician life they had left behind, bent also on parceling out the country into large estates, cultivated by slave labor imported from Africa. On that basis there soon rose up a wealthy trading class, whose capital had made them masters of the tobacco commerce. They were entirely free from any of the scruples expressed by the Pilgrim Fathers of the Mayflower about dealing with foreign negroes as servile and soulless chattels.

These had for their northern neighbors in the district known as New England, with Massachusetts as its capital, a community who knew refinements of life in their English homes. Accustomed from childhood to work with their hands, they were sprung from ancestors whom the smaller squires, like Pym and Hampden, the backbone of the opposition to Charles, might have enrolled among their troops, or Cromwell might have disciplined into his 'Ironsides.' Closer contiguity might have precipitated a rupture between the two dissimilar communities. Against that danger the vast tracts of unoccupied territory separating the two was not the only guaranty. The intervening Hudson River formed a natural barrier whose strength had been increased by the rise on its shores of the populous Dutch centre, New Amsterdam, eventually to grow into New York.

The antagonisms now mentioned colored the entire course of American thought and writing from the fifteenth or sixteenth century onward, till the complete amalgamation of the miscellaneous elements in transatlantic civilization and culture. The patriotic note was sounded in American authorship long before any native touch appeared either in diction or subject. In 1612 Captain John Smith took up the pen to defend his adopted home from the slanders attacking it. 'The country itself is not at fault, but does not yet abound in taverns, ale-houses for every breathing place, and all the unwholesome dainties of the old home.'

Almost contemporary with Smith was the only writer of the period whose prose possessed merit or vitality. Thomas Carlyle found in Robert Sedgwick, a prosperous Massachusetts settler, the only writer who told him anything worth knowing. All the productions of this time, chiefly books

and pamphlets, were only quarries for authors of a later day, the materials issued or patronized by the various transatlantic companies of literature rather than literature itself. They fulfilled, however, a useful purpose in that they supplied the English Government of the time with records as abundant as they were disjointed and confused about the course of events and the state of feeling in New England.

Thus Robert Sedgwick was commissioned by Cromwell to send him the latest news on every opportunity as to what the Dutch were doing on the Hudson, the French in Acadia, the Spanish in Jamaica. Those subjects were not of much interest to the colonists themselves, who rather sought relief from the toils and cares of their working life in meditations on the New Jerusalem which they were in process of raising in their new home. *The Account of God's Protecting Providence in the Remarkable Deliverance of Robert Barrow and Great exercises in much patience during the time of greatest troubles* were the titles borne by some among the most popular of the fugitive publications whose authors believed themselves in as close communion with their Creator, as much under His protection from day to day and minute to minute, as the Hebrew priests of old, with their 'Urim' and 'Thummim,' or the hosts of Israel, as, delivered from Egyptian bondage and Red Sea perils, they began to establish themselves in Canaan.

The literary growths of such a spiritual soil continued, even as the eighteenth century approached, to be wild, extravagant, and rank. Fanaticism may have been seldom followed by a reaction against faith. It was, however, for the most part overgrown by the experiences of the often illiterate emotionalism of those who saw visions, dreamed dreams, and fancied

their unlikeness to any purely human experience testified to their supernatural origin.

Seasons indeed there were of temporary subsidence in this ferment of thought and expression. Ability with the pen, of an altogether uneducated kind, seems first to have shown itself in the compromise between theology or theocracy run rampant, and a real attempt at *belles lettres* in the books or booklets attributed to Byrd, Hamilton, and Keith, written and circulated in manuscript toward the seventeenth century's close, but not published till between fifty and one hundred years afterwards.

All this time the hysterical enthusiasm of the New World puritans was making itself the precursor of the mystic strains first heard in Jonathan Edwards; afterwards, detached from religious affinities, transmuted into the secular supernaturalism of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Another literary school, though to some degree informed by the scriptural spirit, now began to appear. The already mentioned John Smith, of Pocahontas celebrity, practised the same style as that of the newspaper special correspondent of a later day. Such were the New England chroniclers, who wrote chiefly to tell English friends about the progress of the Pilgrim settlers.

Edward Winslow, William Bradford, of Plymouth, and John Winthrop, of Massachusetts, had been among the Mayflower passengers and had earned a reputation for practical wisdom before ever putting pen to paper. All the best knowledge of their time is condensed into what they wrote. Its chief interest, however, to-day comes from the fact that it shows these early historians to have been in all matters narrative, social, and political, the disciples of Hampden and Pym. Bradford deals chiefly with New Plymouth,

Winthrop with the Massachusetts Bay colonists. Both write in a tone of sensible devoutness, of sober loyalty to liberal ideas, but without any touch of revolutionist sympathies.

During the years between 1670 and 1720 an intelligent and discriminating colonial public had formed itself. Even the religionist writing exhibits a dialect less strange, is more sparing of perplexingly esoteric terms than had been the case even fifty years before. The steadily decreasing disputes over Calvinistic dogma no longer entirely surrender spiritual freedom to the tyranny of scriptural phrase.

Now, too, authorship and pulpits were full of practical hints for political organization on lines parallel with those defining the limit and extent of the Anglican, the Presbyterian, and the Congregational cult. Mayhew's reflections on the resistance to Charles I in England passed to and fro between theology and politics, much after the manner of Edmund Burke in the fragments serving as a sort of rehearsal for his famous *French Revolution*. By 1772 the best literary and intellectual culture of the new world had personified itself in another Samuel Johnson than him of Fleet Street — one whose sweet, gracious reasonableness attracted all his contemporaries, and especially won him the heart and mind of Benjamin Franklin, who had sat at his feet. With Franklin begins that kind of American writing now chiefly under consideration and that intellectual connection of the New World with the Old that has grown closer and more fruitful ever since.

In the *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1806, Lord Brougham, paradoxical as ever, argues that regular education is unfavorable to originality of understanding, supporting his thesis by the instance of the 'uneducated tradesman of America.' This was the earliest master

of American prose who modeled himself on Bunyan, Defoe, and the most distinguished of whose unconscious pupils, as regards style, was Abraham Lincoln, after George Washington the most beloved and inspiring of United States Presidents; of him Brougham speaks as not only without academical teaching, without the benefit of association with men of letters, and living in a society where there existed no relish and no encouragement for literature.

Yet Benjamin Franklin, the earliest of shrewd, sagacious, invincibly pushful Yankees whom provincial America produced, had his place in a cosmopolitan group comprising the ablest politicians, diplomatists, and statesmen then adorning Europe, such as Adam Smith, the historians Robertson, Hume, Bishops Shipley, Watson, and among the lords of humankind in thought, literature, action, and affairs, beginning with Chatham, Shelburne, Burke, and ending with Voltaire. The great 'globe-trotter' of his age, Franklin, brought home with him in 1787 an insight into the politics in Church and State which he had seen in operation, and whose growth and tendencies he had investigated. Such qualifications secured him a place among the delegates who began their meetings in the last years of the eighteenth century to frame the constitution for the United States. Nearly the last act of his life was to draw up and sign a memorial against slavery that marked the beginning of the humane movement which inspired so much of the best national poetry after his death. The great enterprise of constructive statesmanship at whose opening he had assisted was not particularly adapted for Franklin's gifts. That work found its leading spirit in Madison; under his guidance the assembly examined the chief ancient and modern confederacies known to history and the different conditions

under which they had come into being.

The national and international principles embodied in the arrangements concluded by the great European conferences, about which enough has already been said, were not neglected. The discussions indeed covered the whole area of state making and of state reform from the seventeenth to the twentieth century, to say nothing about the freely and fully canvassed precedents of Greek or Roman antiquity. No official report was issued. The proceedings, however, were digested into the series of essays composing *The Federalist*, and in certain supplementary discourses on the importance of making the American revolution a benefit to all the world and for all time. Those aspirations are to some extent at the present time in course of fulfillment. Among the innumerable deliverances concerning Home Rule all round for the British Isles and the new states to be set up in the Balkans or in prehistoric Muscovy, the most fruitful and practically suggestive owe something to that acquaintance with *The Federalist* as a textbook for the nineteenth-century political student.

Meanwhile American education and progress in the humanities was keeping pace with its instruction in the art and science of government. The earliest New England verse had been mere echoes from the lines introducing *The Pilgrim's Progress*, or Defoe's doggerel on the true-born Englishman. Joel Barlow's *Columbiad*, in 1787, had served its term by pleasing President Madison, and securing its author a berth in the state service abroad. Like other efforts of the Yankee muse the composition only imitated an English original. All Pope's chief poems, as those of his greatest contemporaries, Goldsmith and Gray, were drawn upon by American bards. These echoes of

British masters gradually died out from the American ear.

During a great part of the eighteenth century the tongue and pen of Jonathan Edwards were stimulating the spiritual sensibilities of his countrymen to new life. His treatise on *Original Sin* (1758), like his *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*, created in the large centres of the nation much the same effect as Edward Irving's discourses in London. The deepest feelings and faculties of the human mind were now actively and often agonizingly at work. These in a little while began to find relief in secular occupations of a correspondingly and intensely absorbing character.

Inspired by that universal need, the patriarch of United States song, W. C. Bryant, in 1817, strung his lyre. Before this Walter Scott had clothed with a new romantic interest the latest years and the most picturesque scenes of Scotch Jacobitism; the Irish novelist, Charles Lever, was doing much the same thing for the army; the fascinations of Captain Marryat's stories were sending British boys by hundreds to sea. On the other side of the Atlantic Fenimore Cooper was shedding the glamour of fiction over the colored aborigines of his continent. Bryant sounded a strain equally fresh in his poetic pictures of the Red Indian from the nobler side, and of those illimitable prospects of American scenery, long partially or entirely ignored.

The most variously representative among the poets who have a place in the *Cambridge History* owe little or nothing even to so powerful a predecessor as the author of 'Thanatopsis.' In the public affairs of to-day the early political philosophers of the New World still exercise an influence more penetrative and more widely felt than any among the founders of political philosophy in the most cultivated and

learned of classical communities. The same sort of distinction belongs to the illustrious versifier, whose compositions have long been household words to the entire Anglo-Saxon public.

It has been the function of all Anglo-Saxon letters to present a fusion of the best work produced by the writers of continental Europe. England naturally led the way in assimilating Italian, French, Spanish, and German influences. America soon followed, though not before having achieved an amalgamation of a different kind. Other countries absorbed books into their intellectual being. The United States reduced to a national unity newcomers of the human race from every country under heaven.

Longfellow alone thoroughly realized the effects of that gigantic process upon the reading public. Hence the cosmopolitan course of self-training through which he went before beginning his life's work. He thus, as it were, simplified, reduced to order, and healed the confusion of tongues that Babel had brought. Thus educated, he found a medium of metrical expression that would appeal to the individual members from every quarter of the world of the immense mass he addressed. At the same time he touched a chord common to human nature itself; as a result he combined into an appreciative unity the whole miscellaneous multitude. In this way he appealed to mankind just as, on a different plane and in another way, the men who thought out the American constitution addressed themselves to the wants not only of their own race or at one epoch, but to all mankind and for all time.

The American muse has reared other votaries who have attempted, and in some measure accomplished, the same thing. None of them has done so with Longfellow's success, because they

have not attained his easy mastery of subjects and interests, from the highest things of the spirit to the simplest objects of homeside affection and of village life. None of those links uniting the two great communities of the Anglo-Saxon race to-day was unforeseen by this poet. Not only his letters, but some of his more serious verses and especially his prose *Hyperion* seemed to anticipate even the Anglo-American exchange of pulpits now so much in evidence on both sides of the Atlantic. This movement had been prepared for by the spiritual reciprocities that distinguished Anglo-American relations on the eve of the Victorian age.

The first religious overture came from beyond the Atlantic in the shape of a little volume, *The Young Christian*, presented by Jacob Abbott during the November of 1833 to no less a person than Thomas Arnold of Rugby. The sender of the gift was, like its recipient, a schoolmaster. Writing from Rugby, Arnold dwells, to his correspondent, on the need of enlarging on every occasion friendly communications between the two countries.

'Nothing,' he said, 'can be more important to the future welfare of mankind than that God's people, serving Him in power, in love, and in a sound mind, should deeply influence the national character of the United States, which in many parts of the Union is undoubtedly exposed to influences of a very different description, as the result of events beyond the control of human power and wisdom.' The allusion here is to the growing prevalence of Unitarianism in Boston, where Abbott taught and preached. The chief danger of this struck Arnold as being an aftergrowth of enfeebling, perplexing, more or less superstitious sentimentalism in matters of faith. The evil might, he thought, be largely averted if Trinitarians would adopt a

wiser and more charitable treatment of those from whom they differed so fundamentally. 'Let us,' he writes, 'but consider what is the main thing in the gospel, and that even truth is not always to be insisted upon, if through compelling its reception by those not yet prepared for it they are tempted to renounce what is not only true but essential—a character assuredly not belonging to all true propositions, whether about things human or things divine.'

Some half century after the public school reformer expressed these feelings his eldest son, in his own way and in a very different context, reëchoed them to his audiences in the United States who had observed and admired him long before appreciation came from his own countrymen at home.

At New Haven, Connecticut, there has just died a writer of verse who counted more readers equally in the Old World and the New than were ever possessed by the less unclassical and more famous singers of her time. Ella Wheeler Wilcox caught some of her inspiration from the afflatus of Whittier and Longfellow. The more devotional admirers who enjoyed her personal confidence claimed that her thoughts and words were frequently a direct emanation from a supernatural source. Be that as it may, the sales of her works exceeded those of Byron, Shelley, Browning, and Tennyson put together.

During the single year of 1914 her publishers disposed of 44,891 copies. She was the bard, not indeed of Christianity, but of Theosophism, which had its place among the dangers of the spiritual afterbirth that Thomas Arnold had foreseen; and by many of those divines of her native land who had abundant means of judging what hitherto had been a real power for good with the multitudinous readers who

went to her not so much for mere recreation as for solace and counsel, it was felt that she was approaching appreciably nearer to the Christian revelation.

There was never a time, as she herself said, when experience so clearly demonstrated the need of these qualities showing themselves more conspicuously and impressively in the discourses of chapel or church. As a fact, the homiletical standard on both sides of the Atlantic has risen with the spiritual influence and devotional appeals of the war and the exercising period that has followed it.

Hence, as was recently said by Mr. J. Rouse, the retiring head-master of the New Park Road council school, a better feeling among young and old toward each other, the disappearance of the old quarrelsome temper, and as regards the rising generation, a steady increase of moral and social improvement, largely attributable to sports, football, and swimming in the public baths.

In some fastidious and not particu-

larly intelligent quarters it has been feared that the English tongue may suffer from the growing intimacy of English preachers with their visitors from the Far West. The Americanisms acclimatized to-day in public discourse or social converse have much that is emphatic and expressive.

If slang has made its way into the pulpit, it has grown out of the colloquialisms, to be noticed far less in evangelical discourses, new world or old world, than in the High Broad Church sermons of orthodox orators trained in the school of Pusey and Jowett. Thus before he reached the episcopate the most attractive Anglican pulpiter of his time, Canon Gore, in his clear baritone voice, though often defective articulation, talked of 'being out of it' or of 'coming down on' such-and-such a person. In this perhaps one should have seen not only the recrudescence of Oxford slang as the effect of C. H. Spurgeon's vernacular upon the sacramental students, not of his doctrines but of the homeliness of his vocabulary.

[*The London Mercury*]

SERVANTS NOWADAYS

BY MAX BEERBOHM

It is unseemly that a man should let any ancestors of his rise from their graves to wait on his guests at table. The Chinese are a polite race, and those of them who have visited England, and gone to dine in great English houses, will not have made this remark aloud to their hosts. I believe it is only their own ancestors that they

worship; so that they will not have felt themselves guilty of impiety in not rising from the table and rushing out into the night. Nevertheless, they must have been shocked.

The French Revolution, judged according to the hope it was made in, must be pronounced a failure; it effected no fundamental change in

human nature. But it was by no means wholly ineffectual. For example, ladies and gentlemen ceased to powder their hair, because of it; and gentlemen adopted simpler costumes. This was so in England as well as in France. But in England ladies and gentlemen were not so nimble-witted as to be able to conceive the possibility of a world without powder. Powder had been sent down from heaven, and must not vanish from the face of the earth. Said Sir John to his Lady, 'T is a matter easy to settle. Your maid Deborah and the rest of the wenches shall powder their hair henceforth.' Whereat his Lady exclaimed in wrath, 'Lud, Sir John! Have you taken leave of your senses? A parcel of Abigails flaunting about the house in powder — oh, preposterous!' Whereat Sir John exclaimed 'Zounds!' and hotly demonstrated that since his wife had given up powder there could be no harm in its assumption by her maids. Whereat his Lady screamed and had the vapors and asked how he would like to see his own footmen flaunting about the house in powder. Whereat he (always a reasonable man, despite his hasty temper) went out and told his footmen to wear powder henceforth. And in this they obeyed him. And there arose a Lord of the Treasury, saying, 'Let powder be taxed.'

And it was so, and the tax was paid, and powder was still worn. And there came the great Reform Bill, and the steam engine, and all manner of queer things, but powder did not end, for custom hath many lives. Nor was there an end to those things which the nobility and the gentry had long since shed from their own persons — as, laced coats and velvet breeches and silk hose; forasmuch as without these powder could not aptly be. And it came to pass that there was a great war. And there was also a Russian

Revolution, greater than the French one. And it may be that everything will be changed, fundamentally and soon. Or it may be merely that Sir John will say to his Lady, 'My dear, I have decided that the footmen shall not wear powder, and not wear livery, any more,' and that his Lady will say, 'Oh, all right.' Then at length will the eighteenth century vanish altogether from the face of the earth.

Some of the shallower historians would have us believe that powder is deleterious to the race of footmen. They point out how plenteously footmen abounded before 1790, and how steadily their numbers have declined ever since. I do not dispute the statistics. One knows from the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers that Mr. Horne Tooke, dining *tête-à-tête* with the first Lord Lansdowne, had counted so many as thirty footmen in attendance on the meal. That was a high figure — higher than in Rogers's day, and higher far, I doubt not, than in ours. What I refuse to believe is that the wearing of powder has caused among footmen an ever-increasing mortality. Powder was forced on them by their employers because of the French Revolution, but their subsequent fewness is traceable rather to certain ideas forced by that revolution on their employers.

The nobility had begun to feel that it had better be just a little less noble than heretofore. When the news of the fall of the Bastille was brought to him, the first Lord Lansdowne (I conceive) remained for many hours in his study, lost in thought, and at length, rising from his chair, went out into the hall and discharged two footmen. This action may have shortened his life, but I believe it to be a fact that when he lay dying, some fifteen years later, he said to his heir, 'Discharge two more.' Such enlighten-

ment and adaptability were not to be wondered at in so eminent a Whig. As time went on, even in the great Tory houses the number of retainers was gradually cut down. Came the Industrial Age, hailed by all publicists as the millennium. Looms were now tended, and blast furnaces stoked by middle-aged men who in their youth had done nothing but hand salvers, and by young men who might have been doing just that if the Bastille had been less brittle. Noblemen, becoming less and less sure of themselves under the impact of successive Reform Bills, wished to be waited on by less and less numerous gatherings of footmen. And at length, in the course of the Great War, any nobleman not young enough to be away fighting was waited on by an old butler and a parlormaid or two; and the ceiling did not fall.

Even if the war shall have taught us nothing else, this it will have taught us almost from its very outset: to mistrust all prophets, whether of good or evil. Pray stone me if I predict anything at all. It may be that the war, and that remarkable by-product, the Russian Revolution, and the whole spirit of the age, have so worked on the minds of noblemen that they will prefer to have not one footman in their service. Or it may be that all those men who might be footmen will prefer to earn their livelihood in other ways of life. It may even be that no more parlormaid and housemaids, even for very illustrious houses, will presently be forthcoming.

I do not profess to foresee. Perhaps things will go on just as before. But remember: things were going *on*, even then. Suppose that in the social organism generally, and in the attitude of servants particularly, the decades after the war shall bring but a gradual evolution of what was pre-

viously afoot. Even on this mild supposition must it seem likely that some of us will live to look back on domestic service, or at least on what we now mean by that term, as a curiosity of past days.

You have to look rather far behind you for the time when 'the servant question,' as it is called, had not yet begun to arise. To find servants collectively 'knowing their place,' as the phrase (not is, but) was, you have to look right back to the dawn of Queen Victoria's reign: I am not sure whether even then those Georgian notice boards still stood in the London parks to announce that 'Ladies and Gentlemen are requested, and Servants are commanded' not to do this and that. But the spirit of those boards did still brood over the land: servants received commands, not requests, and were not 'obliging' but obedient.

As for the tasks set them, I dare say the footmen in the great houses had an easy time: they were there for ornament; but the (comparatively few) maids there, and the maid or two in every home of the rapidly-increasing middle class, were very much for use, having to do an immense amount of work for a wage which would nowadays seem nominal. And they did it gladly, with no notion that they were giving much for little, or that the likes of *them* had any natural right to a glimpse of liberty or to a moment's more leisure than was needed to preserve their health for the benefit of their employers, or that they were not in duty bound to be truly thankful for having a roof over their devoted heads. Rare and reprehensible was the maid who, having found one roof, hankered after another. Improvident, too; for only by long and exclusive service could she hope that in her old age she would not be cast out on the parish. She might marry meanwhile? The chances were

very much against that. That was an idea misbeseeeming her station in life. By the rules of all households, 'followers' were fended ruthlessly away. Her state was sheer slavery? Well, she was not technically a chattel. The law allowed her to escape at any time, after giving a month's notice; and she did not work for no wages at all, remember. This was hard on her owners? Well, in ancient Rome and elsewhere, her employers would have had to pay a large-ish sum of money for her, down, to a merchant. Economically, her employers had no genuine grievance. Her parents had handed her over to them, at a tender age, for nothing. There she was; and if she was a good girl and gave satisfaction, and if she had no gypsy strain, to make her restless for the unknown, there she ended her days, not without honor from the second or third generation of her owners.

As in ancient Rome and elsewhere, the system was, in the long run, conducive to much good feeling on either side. 'Poor Anne remained very servile in soul all her days; and was altogether occupied, from the age of fifteen to seventy-two, in doing other people's wills, not her own.' Thus wrote Ruskin, in *Præterita*, of one who had been his nurse, and his father's. Perhaps the passage is somewhat marred by its first word. But Ruskin had queer views on many subjects. Besides, he was very old when, in 1885, he wrote *Præterita*. Long before that date, moreover, others than he had begun to have queer views. The halcyon days were over.

Even in the 'sixties there were many dark and cumulous clouds. It was believed, however, that these would pass. *Punch*, our ever-quick interpreter, made light of them. Absurd that Jemima Jane should imitate the bonnets of her mistress and secretly

aspire to play the piano! *Punch* and his artists, as you will find in his old volumes, were very merry about her, and no doubt his readers believed that his exquisite ridicule would kill, or his sound good sense cure, the malady in her soul. Poor misguided girl!—why was she flying in the face of nature? Nature had decreed that some should command, others obey; that some should sit imperative all day in airy parlors, and others be executive in basements. I dare say that among the sitters aloft there were many whose indignation had a softer side to it. Under the Christian Emperors, Roman ladies were really very sorry for their slaves. It is unlikely that no English ladies were so in the 'sixties. Pity after all is in itself a luxury. It is for the 'some' a measure of the gulf between themselves and the 'others.' Those others had now begun to show signs of restiveness; but the gulf was as wide as ever.

Anthony Trollope was not, like *Punch*, a mere interpreter of what was uppermost in the average English mind: he was a beautifully patient and subtle demonstrator of all that was therein. Reading him, I soon forget that I am reading about fictitious characters and careers; quite soon do I feel that I am collating intimate memoirs and diaries. For sheer conviction of truth, give me Trollope. You, too, if you know him, must often have uttered this appeal. Very well. Have you been given *Orley Farm*? And do you remember how Lady Mason felt after confessing to Sir Peregrine Orme that she had forged the will?

As she slowly made her way across the hall she felt that all of evil, all of punishment, had now fallen upon her. There are periods in the lives of some of us—I trust but few—when with the silent inner voice of suffering

—and here, in justice to Trollope, I must interrupt him by saying that he

seldom writes like this; and I must also, for a reason which will soon be plain, ask you not to skip a word—

we call on the mountains to fall and crush us, and on the earth to gape open and take us in—when with an agony of intensity, we wish our mothers had been barren. In these moments the poorest and most desolate are objects to us of envy, for their sufferings can be as nothing to our own. Lady Mason, as she crept silently across the hall, saw a servant girl pass down toward the entrance to the kitchen, and would have given all, all that she had in the world, to change places with that girl. But no change was possible to her. Neither would the mountains crush her, nor the earth take her in. This was her burden, and she must, etc.

You enjoyed the wondrous bathos? Of course. And yet there was n't any bathos at all, really. At least, there was n't any in 1862, when *Orley Farm* was published. Servants really were 'most desolate' in those days, and 'their sufferings' were less acute only than those of gentlewomen who had forged wills. This is an exaggerated view? Well, it was the view held by gentlewomen at large, in the 'sixties. Trust Trollope.

Why to a modern gentlewoman would it seem so much more dreadful to be crushed by mountains and swallowed by earthquakes than to be a servant girl passing down toward the entrance to the kitchen? In other words, how is it that servants have so much less unpleasant a time than they were having half a century ago? I should like to think this amelioration came through our sense of justice, but I cannot claim that it did. Somehow, our sense of justice never turns in its sleep till long after the sense of injustice in others has been thoroughly aroused, nor is it ever up and doing till those others have begun to make themselves thoroughly disagreeable; and not even then will it be up and doing more than is urgently required of it by our convenience at the moment.

For the improvement in their lot, servants must, I am afraid, be allowed to thank themselves rather than their employers. I am not going to trace the stages of that improvement. I will not try to decide in what year servants passed from wistfulness to resentment, or from resentment to exaction. This is not a sociological treatise, it is just an essay; and I claim an essayist's privilege of not groping through the library of the British Museum on the chance of mastering all the details. I confess that I did go there recently, thinking I should find in Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's *History of Trade Unionism* the means of appearing to know much. But I drew blank. It would seem that servants have no trade union. This is strange. One would not have thought so much could be done without organization. The mere Spirit of the Time, sneaking down the steps of areas, has worked wonders. There has been no servants' campaign, no strategy, nothing but an infinite series of spontaneous and sporadic little risings in isolated households.

Wonders have been worked, yes. But servants are not yet satiated with triumph. More and more, on the contrary, do they glide—long before the war they had begun gliding—away into other forms of employment. Not merely are the changed conditions of domestic service not changed enough for them: they seem to despise the thing itself. It was all very well so long as they had not been taught to read and write, but—there, no doubt, is the root of the mischief. Had the governing classes not forced those accomplishments on them in 1872—but there is no use in repining. What's done can't be undone. On the other hand, what must be done can't be left undone. Housework, for example. What concessions by the governing

classes, what bribes, will be big enough hereafter to get that done?

Perhaps the governing classes will do it for themselves, eventually, and their ceilings not fall. Or perhaps there will be no more governing classes — merely the state and its swarms of neat little overseers, male and female. I know not whether in this case the sum of human happiness will be greater, but it will certainly — it and the sum of human dullness — be more evenly distributed. I take it that under any scheme of industrial compulsion for the young a certain number of conscripts would be told off for domestic service. To every family in every flat (houses not legal) would be assigned one female member of the community. She would be twenty years old, having just finished her course of general education at a municipal college. Three years would be her term of industrial (sub-sect. domestic) service. Her diet, her costume, her hours of work and leisure, would be standardized, but the lenses of her *pince-nez* would be in strict accordance to her own eyesight. If her employers found her faulty in work or conduct, and proved to the visiting inspector that she was so, she would be penalized by an additional term of service. If she, on the other hand, made good any complaint against her employers, she would be transferred to another flat, and they be penalized by suspension of their license to employ. There would always be chances of friction. But these chances would not be so numerous nor so great as they are under that lack of system which survives to-day.

Servants would be persons knowing that for a certain period certain tasks were imposed on them, tasks tantamount to those in which all their coevals were simultaneously engaged. To-day they are persons not knowing,

as who should say, where they are, and wishing all the while they were elsewhere — and mostly, as I have said, going elsewhere. Those who remain grow more and more touchy, knowing themselves a mock to the rest; and their qualms, even more uncomfortably than their demands and defects, are always haunting their employers. It seems almost incredible that there was a time when Mrs. Smith said, 'Sarah, your master wishes —,' or Mr. Smith said, 'Sarah, go up and ask your mistress whether —.' I am well aware that the very title of this essay jars. I wish I could find another; but in writing one must be more explicit than one need be by word of mouth. I am well aware that the survival of domestic service in its old form depends more and more on our agreement not to mention it.

Assuredly, a most uncomfortable state of things. Is it, after all, worth saving? — a form so depleted of right human substance, an anomaly so ticklish. Consider, in your friend's house, the cheerful smile of yonder parlor maid; hark to the housemaid's light brisk tread in the corridor; note well the slight droop of the footman's shoulders as he noiselessly draws near. Such things, as being traditional, may pander to your sense of the great past. Historically, too, they are good. But do you really like them? Do they not make your blood run a trifle cold? In the thick of the great past, you would have liked them well enough, no doubt. I myself am old enough to have known two or three servants of the old school — later editions of Ruskin's Anne. With them there was no discomfiting, for they had no misgiving. They had never wished (heaven help them!) for more, and in the process of the long years had acquired, for inspiration of others, much — a fine mellowness, the peculiar sort of dig-

nity, even of wisdom, that comes only of staying always in the same place, among the same people, doing the same things perpetually. Theirs was the sap that rises only from deep roots, and where they were you had always the sense of standing under great wide branches.

One especially would I recall, who — no, personally I admire the plungingly intimate kind of essayist very much indeed, but I never was of that kind, and it's too late to begin to be so now. For a type of old-world servant I would recall rather some more public worthy, such as that stout old hostler whom, whenever you went up to stay in Hampstead, you would see standing planted outside that stout old hostelry, Jack Straw's Castle. He stands there no more, and the hostelry can never again be to me all that it was of solid comfort. Or perhaps, as he was so entirely an outside figure, I might rather say that Hampstead itself is not what it was. His robust but restful form, topped with that weather-beaten and chin-bearded face, was the hub of the summit of Hampstead. He was as indigenous as the pond there — that famous pond which in hot weather is so much waded through by carhorses and is at all seasons so much barked around by excitable dogs and cruised on by toy boats. He was as essential as it and the flagstaff and the gorse and the view over the valley away to Highgate. It was always to Highgate that his big blue eyes were looking, and on Highgate that he seemed to be ruminating. Not that I think he wanted to go there. He was Hampstead-born and Hampstead-bred and very loyal to that village.

In the course of his life he had 'bin down to London a matter o' three or four times,' he would tell me, 'an' slep' there once.' He knew me to be a native of that city, and (for he was the

most respectful of men) did not make any adverse criticism of it. But clearly it had not prepossessed him. Men and horses rather than cities were what he knew. And his memory was more retentive of horses than of men. But he did — and this was a great thrill for me — did, after some pondering at my behest, remember to have seen in Heath Street, when he was a boy, 'a gen'leman with summut long hair, settin' in a small cart, takin' a pictur'. To me Ford Madox Brown's 'Work' is of all modern pictures the most delightful in composition and strongest in conception, the most alive and the most worth-while; and I take great pride in having known someone who saw it in the making. But my friend himself set little store on anything that had befallen him in days before he was 'took on as stable-lad at the Castle.' His pride was in the Castle, wholly.

Part of his charm, like Hampstead's, was in the surprise one had at finding anything like it so near to London. Even now, if you go to districts near which no great towns are, you will find here and there an inn that has a devoted waiter, a house with a fond butler. As to butlers elsewhere, butlers in general, there is one thing about them that I do not at all understand. It seems to be against nature, yet it is a fact, that in the past forty years they have been growing younger; and slimmer. In my childhood they were old, without exception, and stout. At the close of the last century they had gradually relapsed into middle age, losing weight all the time. And in the years that followed they were passing back behind the prime of life, becoming willowly juveniles. In 1915, it is true, the work of the past decades was undone: butlers were suddenly as old and stout as ever they were, and so they still are. But this, I take it,

was only a temporary setback. Since peace came, butlers have reappeared as they were in 1915, and maybe will soon be losing height and weight too, till they shall have become bright-eyed children, with pattering feet. Or will their childhood be of a less gracious kind than that? I fear so.

I have seen, from time to time, butlers who had shed all semblance of grace, butlers whose whole demeanor was a manifesto of contempt for their calling and of devotion to the Spirit of the Age. I have seen a butler in a well-established household strolling around the diners without the slightest droop, and pouring out wine in an off-hand and quite obviously hostile manner. I have seen him, toward the end of the meal, yawning. I remember another whom, positively, I heard humming — a faint sound indeed, but menacing as the roll of tumbrils.

These were exceptional cases, I grant. For the most part, the butlers observed by me have had a manner as correctly smooth and colorless as their very shirt-fronts. Aye, and in two or three of them, modern though they were in date and aspect, I could have sworn there was 'a flame of old-world fealty all bright.' Were these but the finer comedians? There was one (I will call him Brett) who had an almost dog-like way of watching his master. Was this but a calculated touch in a merely æsthetic whole? Brett was tall and slender, and his movements were those of a greyhound under perfect self-control. Baldness at the temples enhanced the solemnity of his thin smooth face. It is more than twenty years since first I saw him; and for a long period I saw him often, both in town and country. Against the background of either house he was impeccable. Many butlers might be that. Brett's supremacy was in the sense he gave one that he was, after

all, human — that he had a heart, in which he had taken the liberty to reserve a corner for any true friend of his master and mistress.

I remember well the first time he overstepped sheer formality in relation to myself. It was one morning in the country, when my entertainers and my fellow guests had gone out in pursuit of some sport at which I was no good. I was in the smoking room, reading a book. Suddenly — no, Brett never appeared anywhere suddenly. Brett appeared, paused at precisely the right speaking distance, and said in a low voice, 'I thought it might interest you to know, sir, that there's a white-tailed magpie out on the lawn. Very rare, as you know, sir. If you look out of the window you will see the little fellow hopping about on the lawn.' I thanked him effusively as I darted to the window, and simulated an intense interest in 'the little fellow.' I greatly overdid my part. Exit Brett, having done his to perfection.

What worries me is not that I showed so little self-command and so much insincerity, but the doubt whether Brett's flawless technique was the vehicle for an act of true good feeling or was used simply for the pleasure of using it. Similar doubts abide in all my special memories of him. There was an evening when he seemed to lose control over himself — but did he *really* lose it? There were only four people at dinner: my host, his wife, their nephew (a young man famous for drollery), and myself. Toward the end of dinner the conversation had turned on early marriages. 'I,' said the young man presently, 'shall not marry till I am seventy. I shall then marry some charming girl of seventeen.' His aunt threw up her hands, exclaiming, 'Oh, Tom, what a perfectly horrible idea! Why, she isn't *born* yet!' 'No,' said

the young man, 'but I have my eye on her mother.' At this, Brett, who was holding a light for his master's cigarette, turned away convulsively, with a sudden dip of the head, and vanished from the room. His breakdown touched and pleased all four beholders. But — was it a genuine lapse? Or merely a feint to thrill us? — the feint of an equilibrist so secure that he can pretend to lose his balance?

If I knew why Brett ceased to be butler in that household, I might be in less doubt as to the true inwardness of him. I knew only that he was gone. That was fully ten years ago. Since then I have had one glimpse of him. This was on a summer night in London. I had gone out late to visit some relatives and assure myself that they were safe and sound; for Zeppelins has just passed over London for the first time. Not so much horror as a very deep disgust was the atmosphere in the populous quiet streets and squares.

One square was less quiet than others, because somebody was steadily whistling for a taxi. Anon I saw the whistler silhouetted in the light cast out on a wide doorstep from an open door, and I saw that he was Brett. His attitude, as he bent out into the dark night, was perfect in grace, but eloquent of a great tensely — even of agony. Behind him stood a lady in an elaborate evening cloak. Brett's back must have conveyed to her in every curve his surprise, his shame, that she should be kept waiting. His chivalry in her behalf was such as Burke's for Marie Antoinette — little had he dreamed that he should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor, and of cavaliers. The whistle that at first sounded merely mechanical and ear-piercing had become heart-rending and human when I saw from whom it proceeded — a

very heart cry that still haunts me. But *was* it a heart cry? Was Brett, is Brett, more than a mere virtuoso?

He is in any case what employers call a treasure, and to anyone who wishes to go forth and hunt for him I will supply a chart showing the way to that doorstep on which I last saw him. But I myself, were I ever so able to pay his wages, should never covet him — no, nor anything like him. Perhaps we are not afraid of men servants if we looked out at them from the cradle. None was visible from mine. Only in later years and under external auspices did I come across any of them. And I am as afraid of them as ever. Maidservants frighten me less, but they also — except the two or three ancients aforesaid — have always struck terror to my soul. The whole notion of domestic service has always seemed to me unnatural.

I take no credit for enlightenment. Not to have the instinct to command implies a lack of the instinct to obey. The two aptitudes are but different facets of one jewel: the sense of order. When I became a schoolboy, I greatly disliked being a monitor's fag. Other fags there were who took pride in the quality of the toast they made for the breakfasts and suppers of their superiors. My own feeling was that I would rather eat it myself, and that if I mightn't eat it myself I would rather it were not very good. Similarly, when I grew to have fags of my own, and by morning and by evening one of them solemnly entered to me bearing a plate on which those three traditional pieces of toast were solemnly propped one against another, I cared not at all whether the toast were good or bad, having no relish for it at best, but could have eaten with gusto toast made by my own hand, not at all understanding why that member should be accounted too august for such employment.

Even so in my later life. Loth to obey, loth to command. Convention (for she too frightens me) has made me accept what servants would do for me by rote. But I would rather have it ill-done than ask even the least mettle-some of them to do it better, and far rather, if they would only be off and not do it at all, do it for myself. In Italy — dear Italy, where I have lived much — servants do still regard service somewhat in the old way, as a sort of privilege; so that with Italian servants I am comparatively at my ease. But oh, the delight when on the afternoon of some local *fiesta* there is no servant at all in the little house! Oh, the reaction, the impulse to sing and dance, and the positive quick obedience to that impulse! Convention alone has forced me to be anywhere a master. Ariel and Caliban, had I been Prospero on that island, would have had nothing to do and nothing to complain of; and Man Friday on that other island would have bored me, had I been Crusoe. When I was a king in Babylon and you were a Christian slave, I promptly freed you.

Anarchistic? Yes; and I have no defense to offer, except the rather lame one that I am a Tory Anarchist. I should like everyone to go about doing just as he pleased — short of altering any of the things to which I have grown accustomed. Domestic service is not one of those things; I should be glad were there no more of it.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

AUSTRALIAN VERSE

BY HECTOR DINNING

AUSTRALIAN verse reflects quite clearly the physical life of Australia. Verse-making in England is a far more detached and abstract thing. England is the home of a pure intellectualism of

which Australia yet knows little. When she grows older she will know more. At present it is quite clear that the best Australian verse is spontaneous — inspired directly by the country and the way of life there. In England poetry has become a cult; it is very often, indeed, independent of physical surroundings. Into the poetry of the younger Englishmen has crept a note of philosophy of which you will find almost no trace in Australian verse. Modern British verse is notably not in touch with nature as was that of Burns and Wordsworth.

There is an introspective and contemplative quality in English verse the absence of which in Australians in general — and in Australian poets in particular — expresses well a striking psychological difference between the denizens of these antipodes. The Australian way of life makes against introspection. Notoriously, Australians do not look in on their own souls. There a life of action, as distinct from contemplation, is almost necessary to existence. The Australian settler is 'up against it.' He fights and gambles with droughts and seasons. The struggle for existence is often hard and relentless. Life has bred in him grimness:

No flower with fragile sweetness graced —
A lank weed wrestling with the waste.

Pallid of face and gaunt of limb,
The sweetness withered out of him.

When earth so poor a banquet makes
His pleasures at a gulp he takes.

The feast is his to the last crumb:
Drink while he can . . . the drought will come.

The hardness of life in this country has imported a quality of realism into Australian verse. Here is an example from 'Sea Fruit,' by Bernard Ingleby:

To think that slimy thing they dragged was she!
 The fools they were,
 Hiding what its face was with its hair,
 Lest I should see!
 And how they bit their lips when, curiously,
 For all their protests, not to be denied,
 I pulled the tousled mass of hair aside
 And saw the sea-slugs' havoc. As for me,
 Who knew so well her loveliness, I found
 No other thing to do but laugh aloud,
 Marveling at this madness of the crowd.
 'It may be as you say that she is drowned,
 But not like this my love will come to me!'
 I said — and walked in silence from the quay.

A literary critic in England has recently been saying in print — perhaps a little extravagantly — that there is a striking analogy between the qualities of Australian verse and that of ancient Hellas. He begins by noting that there are some physical resemblances between the Australian type and the men of ancient Greece. He says, further, there are likenesses in temperament and outlook: 'Of course the ancient Greeks were not, as most people imagine, a race of elegant moralists posing on temple steps in carefully-draped white sheets. In the mass they were bronzed, adventurous fellows, excitable, and not given to saluting, terribly fond of fighting and drinking and robust flirtation, combining a huge zest in joyous living with a streak of pessimism, dour and indefatigable in their sports, such lovers of roving that the whole earth became their tomb, eager for the news in hopes of discovering something new, democrats among themselves, but an aristocracy toward snuff-and-butter barbarians, . . . always and altogether free from the slightest taint of respectability.' And he concludes by saying that in that land at the antipodes, which offers so much of the sensuous environment of Hellas, the emotional arts — 'singing, dancing, painting, and poetry above all — must sooner or later flourish luxuriously.'

Like the Australian type, the verse

of Australia is unsophisticated. Those who know well the Australian — and especially the Australian Light Horse Bushman — will grant that although he has some faculty for 'looking after himself' and claiming his rights, he is yet a simple-minded man, unsophisticated, guileless of subtlety. So it is with his unpremeditated verse. This simplicity is often very lovely and potent, but it is simplicity in its essence. Take, for example, this brief epitaph, by Richard Rowe:

The grass is green upon her grave,
 The west wind whispers low:
 'The corn is changed; come forth, come forth,
 Ere all the blossoms go!'

In vain. Her laughing eyes are sealed,
 And cold her sunny brow;
 Last year she smiled upon the flowers —
 They smile upon her now.

Agreeably with this unsophisticated quality in Australian poetry, it describes but does not interpret nature. This is worthy of note. It is a fact that expresses not only the unsophisticated Australian mind but the mind not prone to philosophy or contemplation. There is nothing of that elaborate philosophy of nature which is so striking a feature of Wordsworth's poetry and of much of the work of contemporary poets. But there is abundance of vivid natural description — which does not scorn the interpretation of nature, but which simply has not achieved it. Neither has Australian verse achieved unobtrusiveness. Especially the young contemporary school of English poetry has won an unobtrusiveness of form which is the index of a very high art.

The national Australian blunt and uncompromising mind is still far from that English subtleness and unobtrusiveness not only of subject but of form. This unobtrusiveness in English verse sometimes is on the

brink of effeminacy; Australian virility is sometimes on the border line of crudity. Either tendency embodies the contrast between English and Australian psychology.

There is a haunting, melancholy note in a great body of Australian verse that is unknown to English poetry. It is the quality of this melancholy which is significant — because it is the melancholy of the loneliness of wide bush distances which could not be known in England. There is a temperamental melancholy in the lean, rather silent Australian type which is not very clearly recognized in this country, partly because the Australian at war is fairly cheerful, partly because the Australian on leave in England is not quite himself at home. This is inevitably true of the Australian bushman. This quality of stoical—even sardonic—melancholy in the Australian has been reflected in his poetry:

Sombre, indomitable, wan,
The juices dried, the glad youth gone.
A little weary from his birth;
His laugh the spectre of a mirth.
Bitter beneath a bitter sky,
To Nature he has no reply.
So drab and neutral is his day,
He gleams a splendor in the gray,
And from his life's monotony
He lifts a subtle melody.

There is in Australian poetry an intense love of the bush and of horses. Horses are dignified as intimate companions. The bush is personified as a mistress never inconstant — as in Will Ogilvie's 'The Bush, My Lover':

The loves of Earth grow olden
Or kneel at some new shrine;
Her locks are always golden —
This brave Bush Love of mine;
And for her starlit beauty,
And for her dawns dew-pearled,
Her name in love and duty
I guard against the world.

In Australian verse there is an

unquestioning, unintellectualized expression of religious feeling which is easily compatible with the degree to which the Australian in lonely places is in undistracted touch with Reality.

A Swinburnian passion for the sea is in the poetry of that sea-girt land — a passion which is little associated, by the world, with the Australian, who, in its eyes, is typically a man of the land. But the note struck in Adam Lindsay Gordon's 'Sea-spray' and 'Smoke-drift' is not exotic to Australian verse.

[*The Venturer*]

THOUGHTS ON LEAVING PRISON

BY A PRISONER

I USED to think — long before the shadow of the stone walls actually fell across my path — that it would be worth while going to prison for a while just for the joy of coming out. And, so far as the physical side of the experience went, my fancy had not exaggerated that delight. The sheer physical thrill of emerging from silence and blank walls into a world of talking men and women, of rollicking children, of wide blue skies, and resplendent red motor 'busses, is one of those things which words cannot describe. I shall never forget, for instance, my impression of the first fruiterer's shop which I passed on my 'discharge' from Wormwood Scrubs. With its bananas, oranges, and apples gleaming in the morning sun, its riot of color seemed almost dazzling — I was a child again, and here was Fairyland. And when I reached Euston Station — dear, familiar Euston, with its bustling crowds, its Doric arch, and great be-stated hall — I felt like taking the shoes from off my feet; for was not this the very Temple of Liberty itself?

But I was soon to find that this

rapture of freedom was merely physical, and that, upon the whole, I was somehow rather disappointed with the world to which I had returned. It was not quite so good as the world I had left. At first I tried to deceive myself that this was not so; but disillusionment, nevertheless, gained upon me — until, after much puzzled seeking, I found the explanation. And, once again, the explanation (when discovered) was very obvious. In prison one was forced to embrace simplicity. It was, it is true, an exaggerated and dangerous form of simplicity — one which, endured too long, has driven many a man mad. But it *was* simplicity, and for some of us, who were suffering not for our sins, but our beliefs, it meant; as I have said, an opening of the window of the soul — a clearing and quickening of the mind, and a more sensitive awakening to the joys of the Kingdom of Heaven.

We learned that 'plain living' (and there could be no two opinions about its plainness!) does naturally induce 'high thinking,' and we came to realize how woefully the imagination and the spirit of man are clogged and corroded by the mad hurry and strain, the hollow pleasures and ambitions, the false values of life that characterize our complex and artificial civilization. I do not suggest that we passed our days in one uninterrupted round of religious rapture. Holy monks in their cloisters may do that; but they would certainly not do it in an English prison. But for many of us those days of silence and simplicity did bring occasional hours of deep spiritual joy and perception; out of the habitual gloom that enshrouded body and mind there burst, now and then, gleams of sunlight brighter than any we had known before; and if a bad form of simplicity could thus give times of such freedom to the soul, what

potentialities of happiness must a rational form of simplicity hold!

Thus we came to reason within ourselves, and thus with a changed vision we returned to the world. One day, some time after my release, I stood on Waterloo Bridge with a friend who had also been in Wormwood Scrubs. 'Before I went to prison,' he said, 'I adored London. It was to me just a great and glorious pageant, and I loved it exactly as a schoolboy loves a "show." Now, though I am not blind to its panoramic appeal, I see it not so much as a fascinating kaleidoscope as a great and complicated machine that is grinding, grinding, grinding, the bodies and souls of the people who made it, but cannot now control it.'

As he spoke, I gazed down upon the moving masses of people, the scurrying motors, the long lines of trams, the palatial hotels here, the sordid warehouses there; and in fancy I looked over West London with its empty spendor, and over all East London with its 'mile on mile on mile of desolation,' intersected by hundreds of dismal trains, each groaning beneath its burden of tired humanity. No; it was no longer just a pageant. I, too, felt that I was in the grip of some horrible machine that was whirling round and round in a vicious circle, grinding, grinding, grinding youth and beauty, hope and happiness. And I knew now why I was not so contented with the world as I had been before entering prison. I had been into the silence, and had caught, dimly enough perhaps, a vision of something better. I had touched the fringe of the garment of simplicity.

But dissatisfaction with the present may, after all, be the truest kind of optimism. Let us, then, be of good cheer. Our present civilization is doomed; and in that lies a great hope. Our civilization is doomed either way.

If people continue not to think, it will fall to pieces of its own rottenness. If they do awake and think, they will themselves rise up and destroy it. Civilizations and Empires perish; but the simple hopes, the simple loves, the simple joys of life lie garnered where no material decay or disaster can reach them. 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.' And, though new empires rise and fall, and still more crazy civilizations insult the light of day, the time must surely come when man, tired of groping outward for happiness, shall turn inward at length, and find it where it has been awaiting him all through the ages.

[*Land and Water*]

ONE'S RELATIVES

BY WARD MUIR

OF course one's relatives are not so awful as they used to be. They seem to have mellowed, somehow. One has mellowed, too, one's self. One has begun to concede that even relatives are human. Other people get on with one's relatives all right. One gets on all right with other people's relatives. Can it be that one's relatives never *were* so black as one painted them?

As I sat in my bath and reflected thus — for these moods of mild philosophic melancholia generally visit me on mornings when the tap water is genial — I realized that I am not so young as I once was, or I could never have succumbed to this sudden surge of cordiality toward relatives. It is rather saddening to find that one has lost that old enthusiastic detestation. Yet was it detestation? Was it not rather fear? Relatives had such a dreadful habit of disapproving. They disapproved of all jolly things — going to music halls and pubs., and reading indecorous novels, and skating on Sun-

day. One had to pursue these joys clandestinely. One could not so much as dodge into a billiard saloon without a preliminary glance round lest one should be 'seen.' One left one's native place as soon as one could, and settled elsewhere, so as to be rid of this continual obsession; and one looked back with amazement on cousins who of their own free will remained behind in an atmosphere of relatives, and the dutifulness which those relatives' propinquity implied.

I remember that when I was a youth, and suffering severely from relatives, a college friend seemed to me by contrast extraordinarily enviable. His father was a scalliwag man-about-town; his stepmother had achieved the spectacular feat of being divorced; an aunt of his was notoriously over-fond of spirituous liquors, and at intervals disappeared into an inebriates' home. There were relatives for you! These (I said wistfully to myself) are my notion of what relatives *ought* to be. If only I were blessed with relatives like that how happily we should all hobnob together! Yet my friend astonished and pained me by the assertion that his relatives bored him. He could n't get on with them. It was n't exactly that they were strait-laced; but — well — anyhow, he meant to set up on his own account as expeditiously as possible. 'One can do nothing,' he grumbled, 'when one is forever hampered with relatives.'

Curious! As I watched the steam ascending to the bathroom ceiling and recalled that dark pronouncement of twenty years ago it came to me that a young nephew of mine, just established in London, has shown no eagerness to seek his uncle's society. He has called. He has partaken of dinner with me at my club. But he has signally failed to enlist my sympathetic interest in his ongoings, because any kind of account

of them has been conspicuous by its absence. What does he do with himself out of business hours? Who are his friends? I have no idea. When I first reached London the correct thing of an evening was to drop in at Jimmy's — one always called the St. James's bar 'Jimmy's' — for a glass of that beverage then popularly hymned as a B. and S. This dashing custom I acquired, as was proper for one escaped from relatives. The St. James's hall, and bar, and restaurant, have been pulled down: a widened Piccadilly is their sole monument; but doubtless other resorts of this nature exist, and it may be that my nephew is patronizing them. But would he take his uncle? Not he! I am a relative; and at his age one is out to demonstrate one's disdainful independence of relatives. I can do naught for that youngster, though my heart yearns toward him.

One's relatives are so ignorant and so easily shocked. This (I discerned) was his silent, contemptuous preoccupation. Once I held the same view. I still think I was right, then. Perhaps he is right now. And yet I don't know. Shockableness is surely less common than of yore. My own relatives startle me by the matter-of-fact manner in which they debate topics that I should never have dared to allude to in their presence a decade back. I always counted myself the black sheep of the family; but even I seldom seem to shock as I once could shock. Am I behaving better, or are they on their side growing more tolerant? I hope the latter is the explanation. I think it is. I think the war must have had something to do with this diminution in shockedness.

During the war we became accustomed to talking openly of all sorts of frailties and backslidings; old ladies who objected to smoking collected cigarettes for soldiers, drawing rooms

discussed the social evil, and one's sisters-in-law read aloud humorous works in whose dialogue the word 'bloody' was printed in full. The staidest newspapers — the newspapers which are always subscribed for by one's relatives — publish articles and letters now which in the pre-war era would have been regarded as far too advanced for the private perusal of suffragettes. The war finished the process. Nothing short of shameless vice, theft, or murder will draw disapproval from one's relatives at this hour of the day. One can proclaim one's self a Socialist, and none of them bothers about it. One can join strange sects, or embrace agnosticism, or confess to a fondness for cocktails; and nobody turns a hair. It is a great relief.

Still (I concluded again as at last I tore myself out of that all too voluptuous hot bath) — still, it is saddening. That was a gay interlude, during which one defiantly held one's relatives in awe. One can never recapture the fearful rapture of rebellion and young superiority. It is rather a come-down to be so altogether at peace with everyone that one is positively at peace with one's relatives.

[*La Nouvelle Revue Française*]

SOME MEMORIES OF A PARISIAN CHILDHOOD

BY ANDRÉ GIDE

I WAS six years old when we left the Rue Medicis and went to live on the Rue de Tournon. Our apartment overlooked the angle of the street with the Rue Saint Sulpice. Into this latter street opened the windows of my father's library; my own windows opened upon a court. I remember the vestibule of the house best of all, for it was there that my mother used to

send me to play with 'my friend Pierre,' in other words, by myself. The carpet of this vestibule bore a huge geometric design on which it was great fun to play marbles with this famous 'ami Pierre.'

A little bag of netting contained the best of my marbles, those whom I never ventured to mingle with the common folk. I could never examine them without being shaken afresh by their mysterious beauty. One above all, an affair of black glass circled with three whirling, cloudy zones, was to me a special delight, and there was a pale blue, greenish alley fit to win a heart. In another bag, I kept the drab and humble folk with whom I played my games.

Another toy which I recall with affection was a kaleidoscope, a kind of lorgnette into which one looked at changing patterns built by little mirrors out of fragments of colored glass. I see again the precise colors and forms of the fragments, the greatest of which was a triangular ruby. And I recall, too, a strip of amethyst, a round ultramarine, a sapphire, and two or three gilt bits. It was very pleasant to keep turning the contrivance. Some of the bits were sure to hide in the crevices, some completely lost to view, others but barely seen. The great central ruby was the only bit that never ran away. When I grew older, I used to unscrew the lenses, and for variety's sake, I would introduce all kinds of curious things into the collection, a match head, a fly's wing, a tip of grass. That used to be thrilling! I wonder if the children of to-day possess these wondrous affairs.

The majority of my games were solitary ones. I had no playmate. Yet, hold, I did; I had a tiny friend, but alas, no playmate. When my nurse took me to the Luxembourg Gardens, I often found there a child of my own

age, a gentle, quiet, delicate child whose pale face was half hidden behind immense spectacles. I do not remember his name; perhaps I never knew it. We called him Mouton because of his little sheepskin coat.

'Mouton, are your eyes bad?'

'The doctor says they are sick.'

'Show them to me.'

And when he lifted the huge glasses, his little uncertain, blinking, painful glance touched me to the heart.

I do not think we played. I think we walked about together hand in hand.

Our friendship lasted but a little while for Mouton ceased coming to the park. Imagine my despair when I discovered that Mouton was becoming blind. My nurse met Mouton's nurse on the street, and they talked in low tones so that I would not hear, but I caught a few words—'he can no longer find his mouth.' An absurd phrase, yet one which filled me with consternation. Safely home, I wept in my room; and for many days walked about with my eyes closed, trying to imagine the sensations of my little comrade.

I was seven years old when my mother decided to have me take piano lessons from Mademoiselle de Goecklin. One felt that what mattered to this poor soul was not art, but the earning of her innocent living. She was flat-chested and thin, and so pale one might have thought her ill. Poor lady, I fear the larder was none too full.

When I had been good, Mademoiselle de Goecklin used to give me a little cardboard picture which she carried in her sleeve. The picture was not much of anything, I might easily have turned up my nose at it, but it was laden with perfume, and I smelled of it with pleasure. Later on, I would paste it in my scrap book. The other

day, to amuse a little nephew, I opened my old album, and there rose from its pages the faint, sweet odor of poor Mademoiselle's little pictures.

When I was a little older instead of Mademoiselle de Goecklin coming to me, it was I who went to her. She lived in a tiny apartment with an elder sister, a simple, delicate personage, of whom she took care. In the first room was a cage of Bengal finches, and in the second the piano. There were some dreadfully false treble notes. And Mademoiselle would say ab-

stractedly, plaintively, in the tone of one giving an order to a ghost, 'The tuner must be summoned.' But the ghost never carried out the command.

Often, on returning home, I crossed the Luxembourg Gardens. A roll of the drum proclaimed the closing hour. The last saunterers, prodded on by the guards, walked toward the gates, and the great deserted alleys behind them filled with twilight and mystery. On those nights I would fall asleep overcome with the shadow and mystery of life.

[*The London Mercury*]

NATURE'S FRUITFULNESS

BY FRANCIS BURROWS

THIS summer on our yard wall there does swing
A groundsel bush from one seed last year sown.
A burnet moth, sun-wakened in the spring,
Flew out and laid its hundred eggs thereon.
An hundred seeds each blossom on it gives,
An hundred caterpillars eat its leaves.

Its plumed seeds scattered by the wind now fall
Into our yard on water and on stone.
Here too the caterpillars over blown
Gyrate and starve, for few can climb the wall.

Next year again there will be one of both:
One bush of groundsel and one burnet moth.

THE ARTS AND LETTERS

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

THE recent publication of M. Pierre Loti's *Prime Jeunesse* sets one to thinking of books of remembered childhood. It is a genre in which the French excel, and the two newest examples, *Le Petit Pierre*, by Anatole France, and the *Prime Jeunesse* just mentioned, in it hold high rank. Memories of childhood have an extraordinary appeal to a large public. Indeed, I recall an elder publisher once saying that an unknown book could be certain of a hearing if it concerned itself either with the South Sea Islands or the recollections of childhood. Whence comes this response? Is it because the world is ever in search of its lost youth, and hopes to recapture a fugitive joy, a forgotten emotion, a memory in such pages; or is it because childhood cannot understand itself, and we must all of us draw away from the picture before we can see the mystery emerge.

The French, sensitive, impressionable, emotional, have kept the key, which most of us have lost, to childhood's door. Yet there are some very fine things in English, the best of them to my mind being Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son*. And there are few things in the literature of remembered childhood as delicate and charming as the first pages of the *Education* of Henry Adams. The boy memories of the house at Quincy, of the colonial grandmother with her old President and her eighteenth-century furniture, are the very quintessence of recollection. Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy* should be prominent on any such list.

It would be interesting to have the childhood recollections of one brought to America in early years. The thing has been done, of course; but the records in question have seemed so peevish and discontented, that I cannot remember finding any pleasure in them. One grows weary of the tiresome tendency of these autobiographers to write as if idealism and spiritual aspiration were the private and particular properties of Slavic and Hebrew bosoms. After all, there were once some poor wanderers at Plymouth who had a vision of the Commonwealth of God. In a new book entitled *The Mask*, by John Cournos, a reader may find, if he will, the story of a Russian child in the slums of Philadelphia. It is a tale addressed to English ears (the book was first published in London), a tale well provided with a properly horrifying Philadelphia slum, sensitive new comers, fiends in shape of boys, ogrelike policemen, and all the rest of the conventional stage setting. From time to time the boy, Gombarov, manages to catch hold of the reader's sympathy, but no sooner has he won it than a further revelation of his timorous, shrinking, self-pitying character causes him to lose it again. It is a drama of childhood, to be sure, but of the kind of childhood which interests psychologists rather than the general reader.

But to return to *Prime Jeunesse*. Abel Hermant in *Le Figaro* thus writes of it:

'Pierre Loti, unlike Stendhal, has

not broken the tie which binds him to the child of whom he writes; unlike Chateaubriand, he is not seeking to find in the tarnished mirror of the past, the first reflections of his adult personality. He leads before us by the hand, a lad of fifteen, neither a prodigy nor a homunculus, but a being who has the charm and the supreme grace of his age, a somewhat superficial exterior life, and a rich life of the soul within, a life of great sorrows without tears, whirlwind joys, mysticism, rather than faith, hereditary instincts of duty, and quick forgotten remorse.

'In the presence of very young people, at once so timid and so daring, who seem ready to declare themselves, and then hide shyly away, one understands the ancient maxim of Juvenal, *maxima reverentia debetur puero*. Did this mean only that youth was to be respectfully listened to, it would be a poor maxim. To me it has a profounder sense, for I take it to express our emotion before the innocence of the child. One thinks of this proverb while reading *Prime Jeunesse*.

'No one could be better qualified to paint the child mind for us than M. Loti. He has a natural, intense, and conscientious draughtsmanship which alone is capable of preserving the fleeting gestures of the adolescent. He is the born painter of the youthful soul. One cannot analyze that soul; it is too young, too changing, too mirror-like, it must be painted, as Loti has done it, by touches, hints, and fugitive impressions.'

ALAS for the *Dark Lady of The Sonnets*. Shakespeare's Mary Fitton, whose ancient mansion is now for sale, appears in the Gawsworth portrait gallery as a decided blonde. The coming sale of Gawsworth manor

house has stirred up the old scandal once more. C. H. Herford thus writes of his visit to the dwelling:

'You had only to approach through its secluded avenues the black-and-white manor house, at once stately and picturesque, mirrored, with all the curious intricacies of its archaic style, in the quiet pool before it, to feel that romance had once been here at home, and that poetry, too, could never have been far off. And then (if a stranger) you learned that the reality went even beyond the surmise; that a daughter of this house had once had the glory of loving and deceiving Shakespeare, and of receiving his lyric disdain in a score of the greatest of English sonnets.

'Mary Fitton, Elizabeth's Maid of Honor from far-off Cheshire, whose portrait in oils was still to be seen in the gallery of a neighboring hall, had been that mysterious and sinister "dark lady" who wrung from the "gentle" poet one of his few bitter strains, and whose image, forever haunting his fancy, recurs in all the dark-haired heroines of his plays. And so, as you wandered through the ancient apartments, the story grew alive and eloquent in your mind, and you seemed to see Mary Fitton, a shade three hundred years old, but still magically arrayed in the early freshness of her youth, and to hear her tell, as Ronsard imagined his Hélène, looking archly down under those dark locks of hers, how "Shakespeare loved me in the days when I was young!"

'Artificial flowers are sometimes almost as beautiful as natural ones, and they far more stubbornly resist decay. We may even admire the craft of the maker, only we do not pretend that the pretty fabric has the fragrance of life. The most considerable, if not actually the first, fabricator of Mary Fitton's fame was an elderly Shakespearean whose portly form was to be

seen, only a dozen years ago, half-hidden by folios, in the reading room of the British Museum. Thomas Tyler put forward his theory that Mary Fitton was the "dark lady" in the course of an edition of the Sonnets. Why should he pitch upon this Cheshire damsel among all Elizabeth's Maids of Honor? Was she the only one who had dark hair? Perhaps not; but she was known to have been the mistress of William Herbert Earl of Pembroke, and Pembroke was held by a small but resolute phalanx of critics to be the youth addressed by Shakespeare in the Sonnets, and the friend who (if their internal evidence is to be trusted) betrayed him for the sake of that "dark lady," to whom, as just stated, he is historically known to have been attached.

'This undoubtedly plausible combination attracted considerable favor. But it occurred one day to one of those inquisitive realists who are the curse of speculation to go to Arbury, where two portraits of Mary Fitton hung, and compare them with the image of the dark lady that disengaged itself from Shakespeare's verse. It was a most unlucky idea — for Mr. Tyler and his friends. For Mary Fitton proved to be just the one of all the Maids of Honor who was *not* dark. The "dark lady" had unmistakably brown hair and gray eyes! The portraits are exactly described, and their authenticity established, by Lady Newdegate in her *Gossip from a Muniment-room* (1897). It did not avail much to insinuate that the Queen had brown (or even red) hair, too, and that either Miss Fitton had dyed her hair in sympathy, or the painter had given it the hue to which her loyalty aspired. In that case how unfeeling, and also how indiscreet, it was of Shakespeare to allude to her native "darkness" in that pointed way, and to go on mocking her (and, in-

cidentally, the Queen) by putting dark ladies into play after play!

'And while Mary Fitton's title to have loved or been loved by Shakespeare was thus abruptly dissolved, her claim to have been the mistress even of a friend of Shakespeare's was steadily losing support. Sir Sidney Lee, who had formerly held that Pembroke was the friend addressed in the Sonnets, and who embodied this view in his article "Pembroke" in the dictionary, had abandoned this theory by the time the dictionary reached "S," and under "Southampton" decisively supported the hypothesis, which he has held ever since, that this young earl (who had nothing to do with Mary Fitton) was the friend in question. And this is the view which now prevails.

'What, then, becomes of Mary Fitton? And what of Gawsworth and its dark lady and Shakespeare's unhappy love? We fear there is no help. Romance, after its brief factitious lodgment among these black-and-white gables, has taken flight like the cuckoo from a nest not built for it and where it was not bred. Gawsworth's moment of fabricated glory has faded; and the birthplaces of Petrarch's Laura and of Dante's Beatrice need no longer fear to be rivaled or outdone in interest by the Cheshire manor house where Shakespeare's Mary Fitton saw the light.

'We should like to believe it. But we and our readers know quite well that Romance has not really fled; that the cuckoo will return to the nest it does not own, and continue to demonstrate the superiority of its "fairly unsubstantial things" to the prosaic earth we tread. Laura and Beatrice will resume their apprehensions, and refuse to be reassured by the stubborn skepticism of a coterie of dry-as-dusts.'

RÉMY DE GOURMONT'S *Lettres d'un Satyre* has just been re-issued by the *Mercure de France*.

The *Lettres d'un Satyre* hardly show Gourmont at his best; he was always uneasy with the novel, and his frequent device of writing a novel as a series of letters is merely a recognition of his inability to create objective fiction.

The idea of a god or demigod suddenly entering civilized life is by no means a new one, but Gourmont has contrived to hang a number of interesting ideas and theories on this somewhat commonplace peg. He recognizes in his preface that the character of Antiphilus is a failure; and, as in all Gourmont's novels, the interest lies not in the story or the characters, but in the subsidiary remarks.

Lettres d'un Satyre is, properly speaking, a free and rather cynical treatise on sex and sexual appetite. Gourmont took a melancholy pleasure in demonstrating the difficulties and mishaps which inevitably await a simple instinctive creature like his Faun, when abruptly plunged into the hypocrisies and baseness of modern civilization. We have been told that beside the Ilyssus there was no room for Higginbottom; Gourmont proves to us that in modern France there is hardly room for one of the rural gods of Theocritus. And, so strong is the effect of the prejudices of time and climate, probably none of us could sincerely admire the morals of Antiphilus as depicted by the French philosopher. Still, whatever its demerits, this book possesses the irony, the quaint logic, the daring speculations, the graceful sensuality,

and the beautiful prose which are all associated with the name of Rémy de Gourmont.

THE Catholic Play Society, which has as its aim the restoration of the religious drama to its ancient place in the Church's system of teaching, produced a new play, *The Quest*, at the Hampstead Conservatoire on March 11, 12, and 13. The play is based on the subject matter of Dr. Henri Van Dyke's book, *The Story of the Other Wise Man*.

A VOCAL recital of Edward Fitzgerald's historical drama *Such Stuff as Dreams Are Made Of* was given in the Ethical Church, Bayswater, recently, under the direction of Mr. William Poel. The version was that which Mr. Poel first produced for the Elizabethan Stage Society at the St. George's Hall in 1899, and differs in many respects from *La Vida es Sueño* as Calderon conceived it three centuries ago.

For no reason that was apparent the whole company entered at the beginning of the play, with Mr. Poel at a little table facing them, and occupied seats from which they rose to take up their cues. A few musical strains which accompanied the recital might well have been omitted; it added nothing to the matter in hand to hear, from time to time, the first few bars of 'Land of Hope and Glory' (which by a polite fiction did duty for some ancient national anthem or battle song of Poland); or to see Siegesmund and Estrella make their final exit to the wedding march of Mendelssohn.

[*The London Mercury*]
THE COMING OF GREEN

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

Here like flame and there like water
leaping
Green life breaks out again; in sun-
light gleaming,
Small bright emerald flames through
gray twigs creeping,
Little freshets of leafage shyly stream-
ing
Among dark tangles. And sunlight
grows serener
Daily, and wider extends the leafy
awning,
And the green undying lawn beneath
grows greener —
Greener and lovelier with lights and
shadows dawning
Alternate, many-toned, born of the
trooping
Of clouds o'er sun. Assembled Planes
are bending
Long festoons high-hung and heavily
drooping
From domes of luminous greenness.
Willows are sending
Their fountains live and many-shafted
swooping
Skyward, and lazily backward coolly
showering.
Like tongues of flame, like water
showering, dripping,
Green life slides down the branch,
from bushes shaking
A verdant dew, or, out on a long curve
slipping,
At the far extreme to a shivering soft
foam breaking.
A spring in the desert, a fire in the
darkness leaping,
Greenness comes transparently roofing
and walling
Garden ways with an indolent down-
ward sweeping,
Or mounded high . . . aspiring . . .
airily falling,
Or leaning fan over fan. A green and
golden
Lucent cave enfolds us, cunningly
vaulted,

With delicate-screened high chambers
to embolden
Birds to flutter and sing or nest exalted
In swaying sanctuaries, and the lime-
tree's clustering
Flowers to blow that the leafy ways be
fragrant.

A dancing flood, a wild fire strengthen-
ing, mustering.
Over the gardens the young green life
runs vagrant.

[*The London Mercury*]
THE MODERN HIPPOLYTUS

BY KENWORTH RUSHBY

Not, like poor monks, with fasting and
the rod
To mortify the flesh for fear of God:
Not, like Sir Galahad, to run to waste
In sentimental worship of the chaste:
Not, like the Puritan, to hug disgust
And feast on others' sins to quench his
lust:
Not, like the saint, with dreams of
future bliss,
Lost in a fancied world, this world to
miss.
But, like Hippolytus, in pride to make
The body servant for the body's sake;
Spurning the Cytherean's toils, who
craves
With servile heart the passion of her
slaves,
Freely to render homage unto Her
Who, being free, desires no worshiper:
To render soul for soul, without pre-
tense,
Not wooing sense through soul, nor
soul through sense:
To shun the twilight of the world's mis-
trust
Where Lust for Love's mistaken, Love
for Lust,
And seek Diana's cold and hueless
light
That knows no difference save of dark
and bright:
There lay the man's will: but the un-
born child
Cried in the darkness, and the old
world smiled.